HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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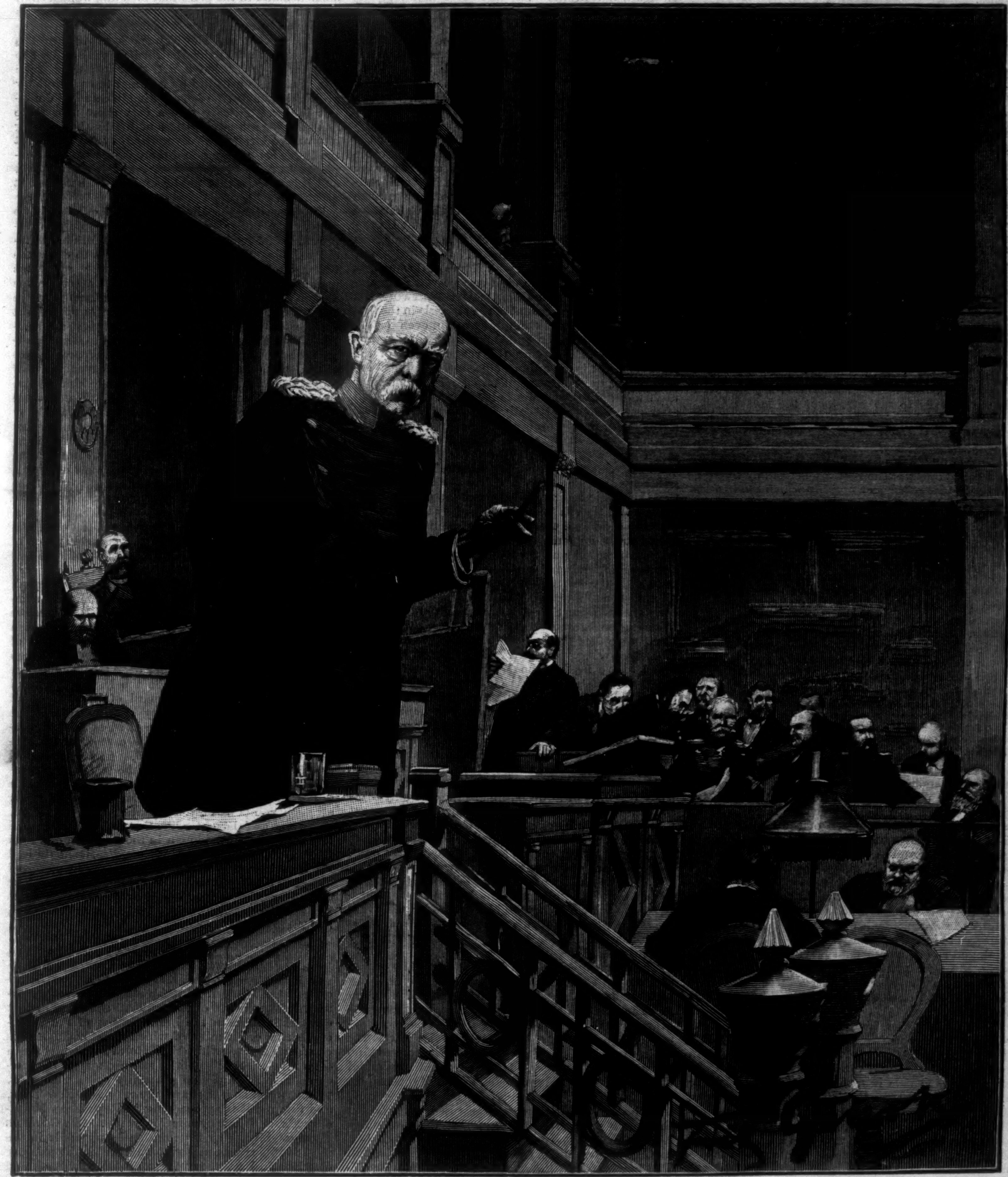

PRINCE BISMARCK AT THE SESSION OF THE REICHSTAG OF JANUARY 11.—[See Page 131.]

"NO GENERATION HAS LIVED IN GERMANY WHICH HAS NOT BEEN OBLIGED TO DRAW THE SWORD AGAINST FRANCE."—(*Words spoken at the moment the Sketch was made.*)

"Its pages teem with what the children like in story, poem, and picture, and miscellaneous information of the best kind."—*Baptist Weekly.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for February 15 contains the sixth instalment of the serial story "The Colonel's Money," by LUCY C. LILLIE; *the third part of "The Hurrishoffer," by* R. K. MUNKITTRICK; *and a short story entitled "Deck's 'Five Centses,'" by* EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. *The front-page illustration is a drawing by* JESSIE SHEPHERD, *called*

ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

ARTHUR PENN *contributes an interesting article on the Circuses of Paris, to accompany a full-page illustration of the New Circus in that city.*

"A Sleighing Party, and what came of it," is the title of a full-page illustration in MR. GRAY-PARKER'S *well-known style.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1887.

THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

IN some recent comments upon the Senate "retaliation bills" we associated the speech of Senator **FRYE** with that of Senator **INGALLS** as a "bumptious" speech toward England. But the speech itself does not at all justify the impression which was given to it by the first reports and summaries, which we are sorry to have accepted, and in so doing to have done injustice to the Senator. His speech is a plain narrative in detail of Canadian conduct toward our fishing vessels, and a strong plea for conferring authority upon the President, to whom the Senator, believing him to be an honest and patriotic man, would gladly intrust it, to close our ports at his discretion to Canadian vessels, in order to bring the Dominion to reason upon the subject. The temper of the speech of Senator **FRYE** is wholly different from that of Senator **INGALLS**, which, as reported in the *Record*, may be fairly called a "twisting of the tail" of the British lion.

Since the debate in the Senate, Secretary **MANNING** has sent a reply to the request of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs for his views upon the question, and the reply states his opinion and presents the general situation very distinctly. He treats the subject under two heads—fishery rights and commercial privileges. The first are defined by treaties, and the Secretary asks for nothing which the treaties do not plainly guarantee. But in regard to commercial privileges the situation is different. These do not rest upon treaties, but upon arrangements, understandings, and laws. We have no treaty with Great Britain regulating commerce with Canada. There is nothing but the fishing clause of the treaty of 1818 and the provisions of the treaty of 1871 which now constrains Great Britain in commercial intercourse with us. In 1830, by an understanding between the two nations, President **JACKSON**, satisfied that the British West Indian ports would be opened to our vessels, opened our ports to British vessels. Of this understanding Secretary **MANNING** says:

> "To be sure, the arrangement of 1830 was not in a technical sense a treaty from the engagements of which neither party can withdraw without the consent of the other amicably obtained, but it was to be a rule for two powerful states. It was a pact representing the will and opinions of each. It was a deliberate international act."

Either party is at liberty to withdraw from the agreement, and whether that act should be regarded as unfriendly will depend upon the circumstances under which it occurs. In this instance the important fact is the approval by the Queen of the Canadian act, cited by Senator **FRYE**, which forfeits any American fishing vessel found in Canadian waters for any purpose other than shelter, repairs, wood, or water. The British plea is that the treaty of 1818 permits such legislation. That is denied by the United States, which holds that the Canadian act approved by the Queen annuls the arrangement of 1830, leaving us entirely at liberty to repeal our laws based upon that arrangement, and as our commercial privileges in Canadian waters are withdrawn by Great Britain, to withdraw corresponding Canadian privileges in our ports. It is a suspension on both sides of marine comity and hospitality.

The Secretary therefore submits the draft of a bill which, as a "responsive" measure, authorizes the President at his discretion to close our ports to Canadian vessels, and to prohibit the importation by railroad car or other vehicle into the United States of all or any Canadian merchandise. This is the substance of the bill, which provides for a partial or complete exclusion of the trade of Canada, as the circumstances shall seem to the President to demand. The suggestions of the Secretary, however, do not alter the actual situation. There is a dispute with Canada. The immediate result is great injury to a commercial interest of the United States. The United States suspends commercial intercourse on the part of Canada pending the settlement of the dispute. The mutual suspension of intercourse, however, is not a settlement, and the longer it continues the warmer will be the feeling and the more difficult a satisfactory adjustment. As we have already said, even if Canada should relax or repeal the act which excludes our vessels, and we should in turn modify our "responsive" measures, the dispute would be merely put in abeyance; it would not be settled. The situation would be unworthy of two great and essentially friendly powers like the United States and Great Britain, which do not desire a misunderstanding or a war. A disposition to turn the situation to a party advantage in this country would be contemptible, and happily the country has passed beyond the time when a fiery defiance of England was "good politics." In the actual situation, therefore, the reasonable and patriotic course is speedy negotiation and a settlement of commercial privileges by treaty. We need not fear that we are less able to reach a friendly understanding than to enforce a half-hostile "response" or retaliation. It is the duty of the United States, when other great nations are arming and menacing the peace of the world for no intelligible reason, to show that substantial international differences can be peacefully composed.

SQUEDUNK AND THE COUNTRY.

ONE of the strongest arguments for reform in the civil service is the necessity of securing time for the President to attend to the important duties of his office which do not concern appointments and removals. General **COX**, of Ohio, described in the *North American Review*, nearly twenty years ago, the complete absorption of the time of a member of the Cabinet by the importunity of office-seekers. President **HARRISON** died of it. President **LINCOLN** made humorous and memorable protests against it. **JOSIAH QUINCY**, seventy years ago, drew a vivid picture of the business even at a time when the civil service was comparatively very small in numbers. **SAM SWARTWOUT** has left a characteristic account of the struggle in the first weeks of the **JACKSON** administration, even before the floodgates had been burst open by the fierce pressure for spoils. But with the vast increase of the civil service, the assaults of office-seekers almost entirely consume the President's time. From morning until midnight the stream is incessant. Deputation after deputation, representing all sides of the great struggle for the post-office at Squedunk, file in and harangue him. In vain he tells them that their words go in at one ear and come out of the other, that he shall not remember for ten minutes the facts and allegations with which they have overwhelmed him, and that the public feeling of Squedunk is so aroused and exasperated that its pacification plainly requires him to find a candidate who has not yet been named.

In vain he appoints certain days and hours for the purpose of hearing all the Squedunk delegations and agents and friends and backers in the country. Senators and Representatives, with sovereign disregard of all notices and warnings, insist upon presenting their constituents from Squedunk, who cannot remain in Washington, but must return at once, and consequently must see the President immediately. The pressure is overpowering. If the President remits every demand to the head of the department to which it belongs, the Senator or Representative reminds him that the gentlemen from Squedunk will return with a sense of outrage, which will be expressed in a manner most injurious to the party. If the President persists, the Senator or Representative is personally humiliated that his constituents should behold his want of "inflooence," and he raises his eloquent voice in the Capitol demanding to know whether the grand old party (Codling or anti-Codling, as the case may be) is so destitute of men capable of serving the government that rascally Codlingites (or anti-Codlingites) must be retained in place. Upon what days, he asks, have we fallen? What cuckoo is this in the robin's nest? O for an hour of **JACKSON**, or for the chance of **D. B. HILL**! The President, meanwhile, having seen the last of the Squedunkers for the day, utterly exhausted, turns with a weary brain to consider the grave questions which await his attention, but which Squedunk has left him hardly time or ability properly to consider.

The absurdity of this business, the perfectly useless strain upon the President, the absolute impossibility of transacting properly this part of his functions in any such way as this, and of discharging justly the graver parts of his duty, are apparent to the common-sense of the country. The civil service law is the beginning of relief. It deprives the Executive of no constitutional function. It interferes with no lawful obligation. It merely provides a form of subordinate executive action. It derives all its efficiency from the President. He approves the rules, and modifies them at his pleasure. Beyond that, the law which creates an office can provide for filling it. It is a law of Congress which makes post-offices Presidential. The law may vest the appointment of "inferior officers" in the President, the courts of law, or the heads of departments, but it may also prescribe conditions. No constitutional provision is traversed by the reform law. But it does not relieve the President himself, because it applies only to places to which he does not appoint. It is, however, the beginning of relief, because it shows the awakening of the public mind. The measure that would relieve the President would be the repeal of the four years' law, which makes vacancies for him to fill, and invites the overwhelming pressure and the utter absorption of his time which we have described. If the deputations from Squedunk were compelled to submit good reasons for removing a public officer, instead of urging a candidate to fill a vacant office, their task would be very much more serious, and their visits would become fewer and farther between. It is a contest between the country and Squedunk.

FIRES IN RAILROAD CARS.

THE terrible railroad catastrophe in Vermont has had one beneficial result. It has produced a unanimous demand in the press that men and women shall be no longer burned alive while railroad authorities are leisurely considering whether anything can be done to prevent it. The New York Legislature has unanimously asked the Railroad Commissioners to report what legislation is necessary to prevent such cruel destruction of life by fire, and the peremptory prohibition of stoves of every kind in cars will doubtless follow. Twice within a very short time there has been the same awful loss of life by the burning of a railroad train. Every moment by day and night the trains are moving, and there is this constant exposure to a wholly unnecessary and frightful peril, and it is evident that public opinion will tolerate it no longer.

The assertion that it is impossible effectually to remedy the difficulty by heating cars safely is disproved by facts. Cars are heated comfortably without reducing the power of locomotives to draw the train. One inventor of a steam-heating apparatus asserts that the fact has been demonstrated upon the Boston and Albany road, and that the heating is more economical. The elevated cars, and cars upon short roads, as on the Staten Island Rapid Transit, are heated without stoves, and undoubtedly the system can be adapted to longer routes. There is apparently no difficulty in the matter which the expenditure of money will not remove. Stoves of any kind, or fire in or near the cars, cannot be allowed. The cars are perfectly dry wood, rendered doubly inflammable by paint and oil, and the spread of fire is instantaneous. In the Spuyten Duyvil catastrophe, a few years since, by the time that a passenger could alight from one of the cars that escaped, the crushed cars were already a bonfire. It may be assumed that nothing will be done by the railroad companies except under pressure of the law. For several years the chief horror of every disaster has been the burning of the cars, and nothing has been done to provide a general system of safe heating, and nothing will be done until the law requires it.

We say that no general system has been adopted, although upon some roads, as we have already mentioned, something has been accomplished. There are other suggestions for greater safety of trains which may be well entertained. One is the guarding of the rail, as upon the elevated railroads. Upon such a bridge, for instance, as that over the Connecticut River below Springfield, upon the New Haven and Springfield road, a strong guard of the rail would greatly promote the security of the train. The watching of bridges, the reduced speed in cold weather, and a mass of such details, cannot be too constantly and carefully regarded. The only sound rule for a railroad in regard to the safety of passengers is that nothing is done while anything remains to do. There are, of course, regulations concerning all such points as may be mentioned by travellers. But every awful disaster like that in Vermont should lead every responsible man in the direction of a road to renew his diligence. This time, also, it should lead the Legislatures of the States to interfere, and forbid stoves or fire in railroad cars. If nothing else can be done, travellers can go in cold cars as their fathers went in cold coaches. But let stoves be forbidden, and something *will* be done.

TWEED IN BALTIMORE.

A RECENT letter by Mr. **JOHN K. COWEN**, a Democrat, to the Democratic Baltimore *Sun*, gives an extraordinary picture of the political condition of that city. Baltimore is the head-quarters of the Democratic ring or machine of which Senator **GORMAN** is chief, and against which the Reform Democrats are in open revolt. Spoils politics end necessarily in a machine, and the machine gradually splits the party. This was the situation and the result in New York, and this result is approaching in Republican Massachusetts and Democratic Maryland. Mr. **COWEN'S** letter establishes by facts, which he marshals in the most forcible and conclusive way, that in the primary elections in Baltimore "the candidates for State and municipal office are selected by men of criminal character and by criminal means; that in the city elections the majority does not govern, but that men of criminal record falsify the count, and by different means distinctly criminal reverse the will of the people; that the city officers who obtain office by these means recognize in their appointments their dependence upon the criminal class, and act in accordance with its demands." Of this statement the *Civil Service Reformer*, which takes a strong part in municipal politics, says, "The momentum of Mr. Cowen's facts, massed and driven as they are by the force of which he is master, must fall upon the moral sense of the community with almost the bewildering effect of a stunning blow."

Mr. Cowen deals with names and details. He mentions judges of elections who were appointed in the different precincts. They were men of disreputable lives, who had been indicted and convicted of crimes; and such judges, Mr. Cowen says, are better than numbers of those against whom there is no criminal record. He proceeds to explain in detail how the cheating was done. It was more dexterous than the old New York style, when the leaders telegraphed to know the figures of the rural majorities, in order to know just how many extra ballots to stuff into the boxes, sometimes, as Mr. Greeley showed, the number of ballots greatly exceeding the number of voters in the district. In the Baltimore cases the Grand Jury investigated the facts, so that the account is officially accurate. The present Mayor of the city, Mr. Hodges, was elected by the vote of three wards whose Democratic Executives "are famous for their crimes." Mr. Cowen shows that in one of the wards which secured his election the Mayor has appointed Busey, the "Ward Executive," to the important and lucrative position of Superintendent of Streets. Busey has been arrested thirty-nine times, and indicted twelve times, and many of his offences have been of the most brutal character, even assaults upon women. In the same ward, of twenty-five men paid from the public treasury, nineteen have a criminal record. "The ward is literally garrisoned by a gang of cutthroats in the public pay."

Mr. Cowen's letter is a very important addition to the literature of practical politics, whose professors cherish an unspeakable contempt for the Sunday-school politics which effectually stop their "little game." The object of the letter is to produce and strengthen such a movement as that of the Reform Democrats by appealing to the public intelligence and sense of shame. But so long as a system is tolerated which enables men such as Mr. Cowen describes to seize and distribute the public money in the form of salaries, the situation will be little changed. Such men are familiar figures in all large cities. They are perfectly well known in New York. They have no political opinions. They are gamblers who play with loaded dice of every kind for the public money, and just so long as the public service, in every grade and degree, down to boatmen and messengers and porters and stokers, is made spoils and plunder, just such exposures as this of Mr. Cowen will be made.

THE MARCH "HARPER."

The March number of Harper's Magazine has many timely and interesting articles, among which Mr. Heard's upon "Russia of To-Day" gives in a brief and clear way an account of the actual governing system of the empire. The general ignorance of the mass of the people, and their profound reverence or worship of the Emperor, who is to them really more a god than the Roman Emperor to the Romans, and the want of unity, co-operation, and initiative among the chiefs of administration, who are but clerks of the Czar, are all illustrations of a system in which reform must be so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. But Mr. Heard points out its possibility in certain local councils and assemblies, and in slowly advancing popular education. To this possibility the most dangerous foes in his judgment are the Nihilists. They are few, but their action encourages a reactionary policy in the government, and paralyzes all effort at progress. There is and can be in Russia no such thing as popular agitation or appeal, and the extension of the huge empire, except into more barbarous regions, must be regarded as a signal misfortune.

Mr. Gayarré's paper upon "A Lousiana Sugar Plantation of the old Régime" is a vivid picture of a society and life which are entirely past, yet of which the author himself retains a graphic recollection. It is very interesting, also, as showing the entire want of homogeneity in the old political union of Yankees and Creoles, and how indispensable to the continuity and strengthening of such a union was the disappearance of slavery. The paper is charmingly written. A most striking pendant to this picture of the past is Mr. Warner's "The South Revisited." This is a most suggestive and important paper, and it cannot fail to have a wide and deep influence.

It is a frank, fair, and able description of the actual condition of "the South," by a singularly sagacious and temperate observer. In such a reference to it as this paragraph permits it is only possible to say that it puts the case of "the South" with a force, a fidelity, and a justice for which every good citizen is greatly indebted to Mr. Warner. We must quote what he said to the four hundred pupils of a colored college or school as he stood before them to make an address:

> "I wonder if you know what you are doing, if you realize what this means? Here you are in a school the equal of any of its grade in the land, with better methods of instruction than prevailed anywhere when I was a boy, with the gates of knowledge open as freely to you as to any youth in the land—here, in this State, where only about twenty years ago it was a misdemeanor, punishable with fine and imprisonment, to teach a colored person to read and write. And I am brought here to see this fine school as one of the best things he can show me in the city by a Confederate Colonel. Not in all history is there any instance of a change like this in a quarter of a century; no, not in one, not in two hundred years. It seems incredible."

That is a significant glimpse, and Mr. Warner adds that "next to the amazing industrial change in the South, nothing is so striking as the interest and progress in the matter of public schools." He does not avoid the question of the suppressed colored vote, and we urge every thoughtful man and woman to read his brief paper. The papers upon the "New York Police Department" and "Duelling in Paris" are full of interest, and are copiously illustrated. Mr. Howells continues his delightful "April Hopes," which is of the same fascination and delicacy as "Indian Summer." Indeed, the March number is an admirable illustration of a most attractive and valuable popular magazine.

THE MATTHEWS NOMINATION.

The Republican Senators evidently felt that it was necessary to explain their persistent rejection of the nomination of Mr. Matthews as Recorder of the District of Columbia, because it was the general opinion among colored voters that he was rejected because he was a Democrat. The moral was that adhesion to the Republican party is the only way for appointment open to colored voters.

The Senators say that Matthews was not a resident of the District, and that the citizens of the District were opposed to his confirmation. It appears that seven citizens, property-holders, protested against the appointment, and affirmed that the protest was virtually unanimous, on the ground that Matthews was not a citizen; and two men in New York assailed his character. On the other hand, twenty-three citizens and tax-payers, among them the Bishop of the African Methodist Church, petitioned for confirmation; the representatives of a citizens' meeting assert that the appointment of a non-resident has been the rule, not the exception; while the remonstrance of partisans is offset by partisan recommendations, and attacks upon character by counter-assertions. The weight of opinion, as shown in the papers, is decidedly for confirmation.

The Senators say that they had no official knowledge of Matthews's color. Neither had they of Douglass's color when he was confirmed. They add that the retention of Douglass would have been a better recognition of color, if that is to be considered. But they have no official knowledge of color; and if the President mentions it, it is in explanation of his action, not of their duty to consider whether the nomination, irrespective of color, is a fit nomination. After reading the explanation, there is probably not an intelligent man in the country who doubts that if Matthews had been a Republican he would have been confirmed.

THE PENSION RAIDS.

The character of the pension raids upon the Treasury may be seen in the vetoes of the President, which show also the patient care with which he devotes himself to his duties. There is a Pension Bureau, charged with the examination of claims, but a claimant may apply to Congress. The necessity of Executive revision of the action of the House Committee on Pensions is illustrated by the case of Cudbert Stone. The President says that the committee reported that,

> "'in view of the long and faithful service and high character of the claimant, and the well-established facts that the claimant was a stout and able-bodied man, free from any and all diseases when he enlisted, and that by reason of his faithful service to his country and the great hardship and suffering through which he passed while in said service, his health was permanently destroyed, the committee earnestly recommend the passage of the bill.' The records of the War Department show that the claimant enlisted October 25, 1861, and that on the muster-roll of his company dated December 10, 1861, he is reported present; that on the roll dated December 31, 1861, he is reported as absent without leave; that on the roll for January and February, 1862, he is reported as deserted; that he is not borne on subsequent rolls until that for November, 1864, when he is reported as gained from desertion. He was mustered out with his company January 31, 1865, and the records offer no evidence of disability; that in his claim for pension, filed in 1881, he alleges that he contracted piles in the winter of 1863. In a subsequent statement he alleges that this date is erroneous, and that his disability was contracted in October, 1864, and that he believes it was the result of having diarrhœa for about twelve months prior to that date, contracted while being carried from place to place as a prisoner, he having been tried by a court-martial in May, 1862, for desertion, and sentenced to imprisonment until the expiration of his term of enlistment. Thus it quite plainly appears that this claimant spent the most of his term of enlistment in desertion, or in imprisonment as a punishment for that offence. And thus is exhibited the 'long and faithful service and the high character of the claimant' mentioned as entitling him to consideration by the committee who reported favorably upon this bill."

Abraham P. Griggs was discharged from the service for disability, and entered the hospital for "debility." Upon his discharge from the hospital, the hospital authorities said:

> "This man has been in this hospital for the past eight months. We do not believe him sick, or that he has been sick, but completely worthless. He is obese, and a malingerer to such an extent that he is almost imbecile—worthlessness, obesity, and imbecility, and laziness. He is totally unfit for the Invalid Corps, or for any other military duty."

The President says:

> "Of the four comrades who make affidavit in support of his claim, two of them are recorded as deserters. His claim is predicated upon rheumatism. He alleges that after his discharge from his enlistment he was drafted and served in the New York Cavalry, but the Adjutant-General reports that his name does not appear on the rolls of the company to which he says he was attached. The board of United States examining surgeons at Trenton, New Jersey, report as the result of an examination as late as May 27, 1885, that they found no disease of heart or lungs, no thickening or wasting of any of the joints of the body, no evidence of any rheumatic diathesis, no rupture or hemorrhoids, no disease of his spleen or kidney; hands are hard and indicate an ability to work."

In the case of the claim for a pension to the widow of Julius Sattler it was shown that Sattler's death was not due to military service, and the claim was therefore refused by the Pension Bureau. The President says: "This rejection was clearly right, unless the government is to be held as an insurer against every fatal casualty incurred by those who have served in the army, without regard to the manner of its occurrence." As this is the principle of the pauper or dependent pension bill, it is fair to assume that that bill also will be vetoed. The spoils deputations which consume the President's time naturally think this regard for the Treasury very small business, and they do what they can to prevent his attention to such duties. But intelligent citizens do not object to such conscientious regard for public duty, which has been always the distinction of Mr. Cleveland in every official relation.

PERSONAL.

A citizen who knows Wall Street informs us that women are very popular as clerks and copyists in that neighborhood, because their employers are not afraid of their divulging the secrets of the shop. They can be trusted better than can the ambitious male employés not to give away "points."

—Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, her fortune being estimated at $25,000,000, recently paid a visit to Chicago to look after her property interests there, she being the owner of buildings valued at $1,000,000. While wandering through one of the structures to which she holds title, the janitor began asking questions, and not receiving satisfactory replies, asked her to withdraw. Mrs. Green admired the man's vigilance so much that she increased his wages a dollar a week.

—Niemann, the illustrious tenor, whose season with the Metropolitan Opera Company has just closed, prefers to expose his throat to the cold air and to promenade in the streets, after singing a laborious rôle, rather than to muffle his neck and go home in a close carriage. The cold air serves his larynx as a tonic, and the *prime donne* who are afraid of it make a mistake, he thinks.

—The exclusive Lowell Institute of Boston has been extending the courtesies of its platform to two of the chief newspaper critics of that city. Mr. William F. Apthorp, of the *Transcript*, has just finished a course of six lectures on music, and Mr. Harry A. Clapp, of the *Advertiser* (who is also Assistant Clerk of the State Supreme Court), has just begun a course of equal length on "True Representative Shakespearian Plays."

—"I don't think he cares for girls," exclaims a male personage in Mr. Bronson Howard's latest drama. "Just the kind of man we like most," replies the young woman to whom the remark was addressed.

—Colonel T. W. Higginson has just accepted the presidency of the Boston Browning Club, which is now for the first time regularly organized.

—Two young San Francisco women, Misses May and Isabel Price, have been engaged by the Japanese government as teachers. The former is to be instructor in the Girls' High Normal School of Tokio, while her sister will organize a school of domestic service, the chief object of which is to familiarize Japanese girls with American customs.

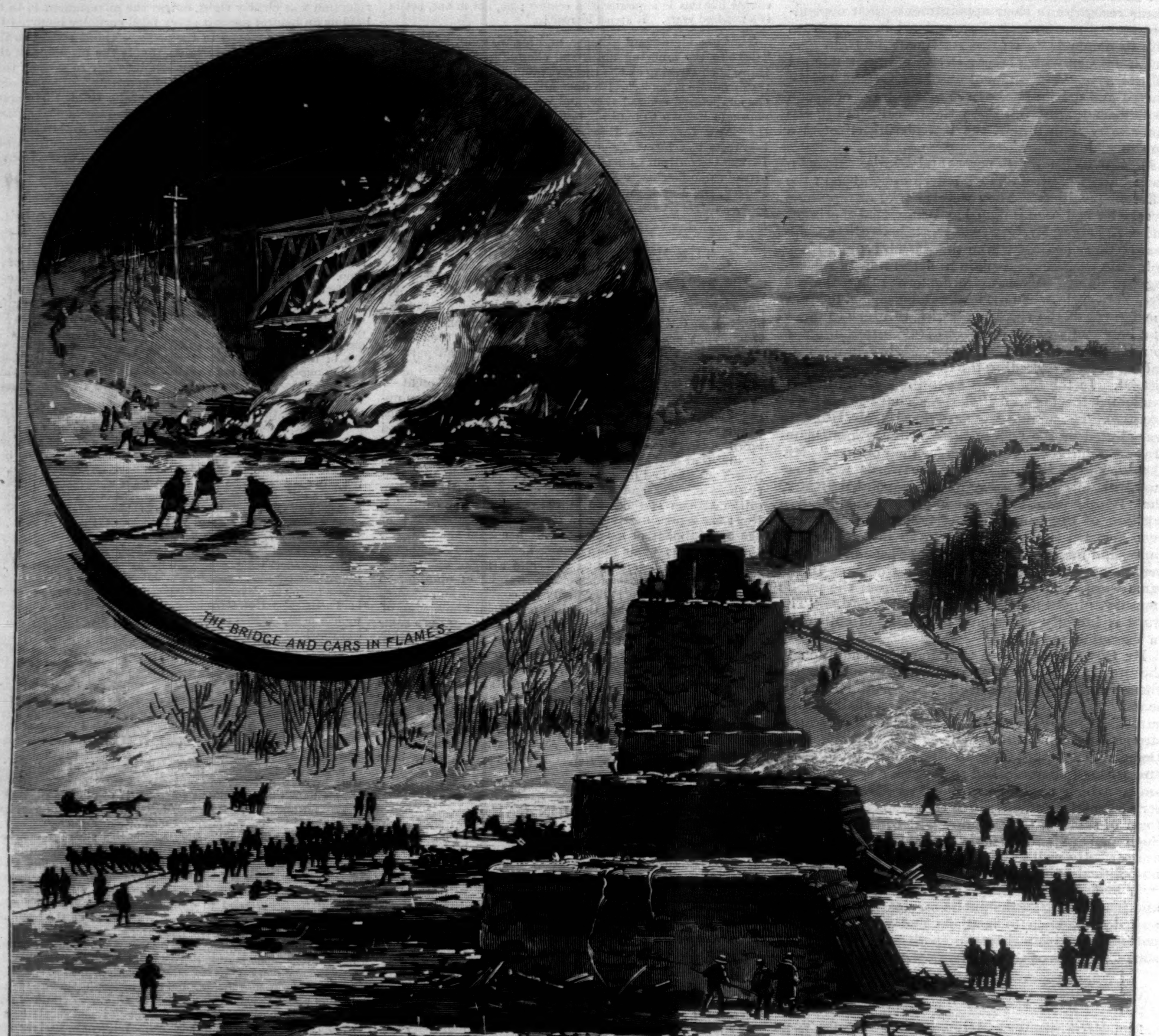
—Professor Albert Cook, who fills the chair of English Literature in the University of California, recently organized the California Book Club, the object of which is to procure the best new books for members. It already has a membership of 171, including several leading professional men of San Francisco.

—Lieutenant-General Sheridan tells this story: When he was courting the charming young woman who became his wife he remained at her father's house rather late one evening, and his presence was unnoticed by the head of the family, who, before retiring for the night, placed a burglar alarm on the front door. When the wooer tried to open the door, the alarm sounded to such good purpose that the father appeared at the head of the stairs with a revolver in one hand and a lamp in the other. Seeing the danger, General Sheridan shouted in stentorian tones who he was, whereupon mutual explanations ensued.

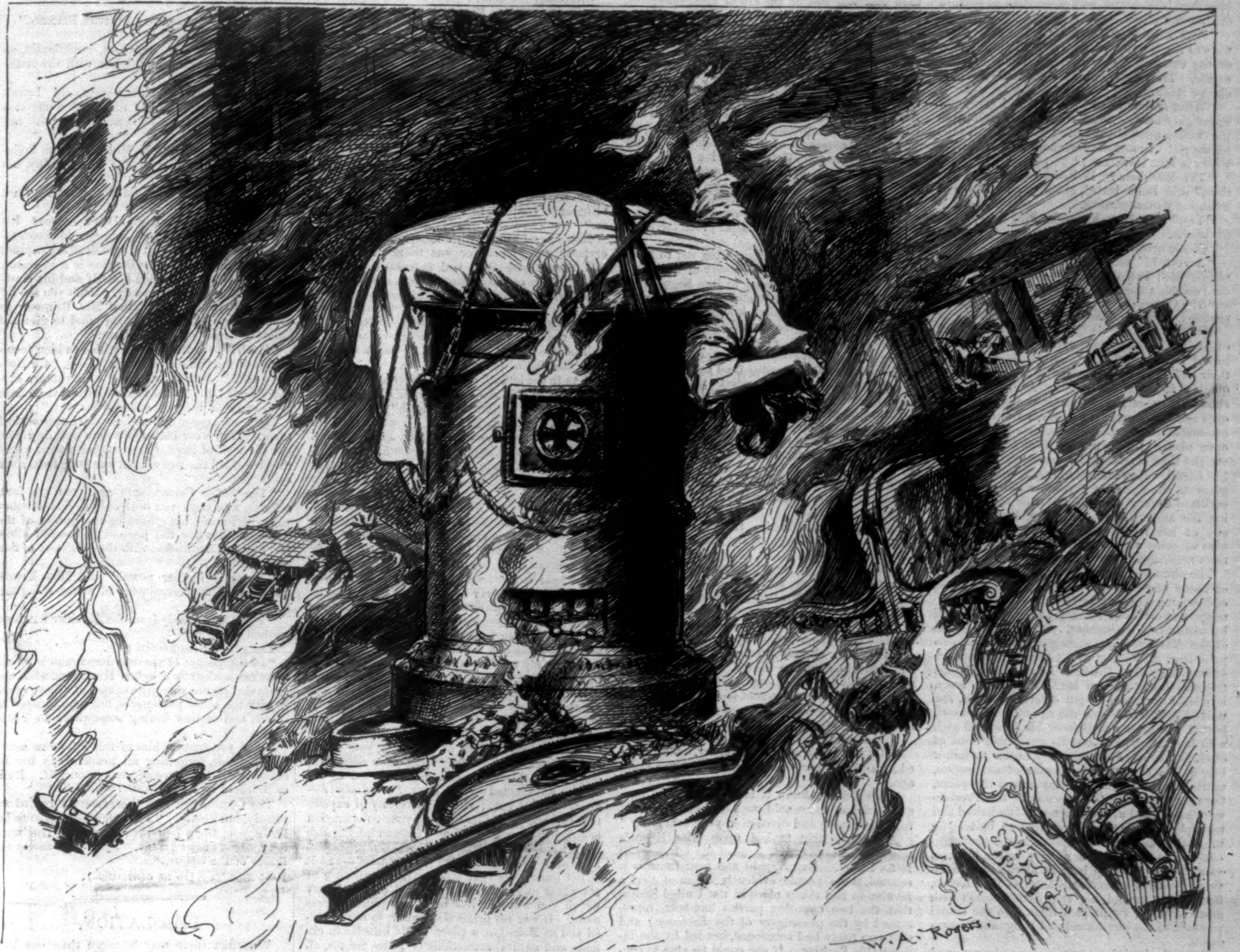
—General John A. Halderman, formerly United States Minister to Siam, who is now making the tour of South America, writes as follows about Colonel Knox's *Boy Travellers in South America*: "It is a storehouse of valuable information, and should be a *vade mecum* for all wanderers hitherward. Without mental reservation I would commend it to all such, irrespective of age, color, sex, or previous condition."

—The Dunlop Society, in printing as its first volume *The Contrast*, of Royall Tyler, has, wittingly or unwittingly, celebrated in a fitting manner the centenary of the first native American play ever performed in public in America by a company of professional actors. *The Contrast* was presented at the John Street Theatre, New York city, on the 16th of April, 1787. The Dunlop Society, named in honor of William Dunlop, an early American playwright and theatrical manager, and the foremost historian of the American stage, was organized by Edwin Booth, Henry Edwards, Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton, and other students and collectors of dramatic literature, in order to preserve such half-forgotten or generally unknown and always rare works as this. It is now fairly started on a promising career, and has ready for distribution to its members *The Contrast*, William Dunlop's *The Father*—the second American comedy—and a volume of addresses written for the opening of American theatres since 1752.

—Mrs. Alfred Morris Buckner stands confessed as the author of that very remarkable story *Towards the Gulf*, recently published by Harper & Brothers. The following details in regard to her are supplied by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*: "Mrs. Buckner is the daughter of Colonel E. W. Morris, who, at a time when a shrievalty was an office of considerable emolument, held the position of Sheriff of Warren County, Mississippi. Her early education was acquired at the school of the Misses Marcelly, in Natchez, at that time the best school of that section; but the removal of her father to Madison Parish, Louisiana, withdrew her from this establishment, and her studies were thenceforth pursued under governesses in her father's house. At the close of the war she was married to Captain Richard L. Buckner, a soldier of the Confederacy, and with him removed to New Orleans, where Captain Buckner established himself in business as a cotton merchant. It was a financial crisis which turned Mrs. Buckner's thoughts seriously to authorship, and put the pen into the busy hand which had never found time to take it up at the bidding of inclination, and the work which has won for her so enviable a position was produced amid the depressing anxiety incident to failing fortune and the deeper anguish of bereavement by death. In the hope of rescuing some fragments from the wreck, Captain Buckner had gone into the country to see what he could do personally toward the collection of his outstanding money. The season was inclement, and imprudent though unavoidable exposure induced an attack of pneumonia, which terminated fatally. It was now more than ever important that the trial should be made, and with a trembling heart, full of doubts and misgivings, she carried her MS. to her friend and physician, Dr. W. H. Holcombe. The doctor, who, it is needless to say, is himself an author of recognized ability, was at once impressed with the merit of the work, and proposed to send it for her to the Harper Brothers. Mrs. Buckner exclaimed at the idea, as being far too aspiring for her modest pretensions, but submitted to the doctor's judgment, with the happy results with which all are familiar."


THE BRIDGE AND CARS IN FLAMES.

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER TO THE BOSTON AND MONTREAL EXPRESS TRAIN AT WOODSTOCK BRIDGE, NEAR WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.
Drawn on the Spot by Charles Graham.—[See Page 131.]



THE MODERN ALTAR OF SACRIFICE—THE DEVOURING CAR STOVE.

THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR."*

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Keene was awakened from a heavy sleep by a hurried shake of her shoulder and an indefinite feeling of alarm. Opening her eyes, she was momentarily dazed by the broad light of day, and the spectacle of Mrs. Brimmer, pale and agitated, in a half-Spanish deshabille, standing at her bedside.

"Get up and dress yourself, my dear, at once," she said, hurriedly, but at the same time attentively examining Miss Keene's clothes, that were lying on the chair; "and thank Heaven you came here in an afternoon dress, and not in an evening costume like mine. For something awful has happened, and Heaven only knows whether we'll ever see a stitch of our clothes again."

"*What* has happened?" asked Miss Keene, impatiently, sitting up in bed, more alarmed at the unusual circumstance of Mrs. Brimmer's unfinished toilet than at her incomplete speech.

"What, indeed! Nobody knows; but it's something awful—a mutiny, or shipwreck, or piracy. But there's your friend the Commander calling out the troops; and such a set of Christy Minstrels you never saw before. There's the Alcalde summoning the Council; there's Mr. Banks raving, and running round for a steam-boat—as if these people ever heard of such a thing!—and Captain Bunker, what with rage and drink, gone off in a fit of delirium tremens, and locked up in his room. And the *Excelsior* gone—the Lord knows where."

"Gone!" repeated Miss Keene, hurrying on her clothes. "Impossible! What does Father Esteban tell you? What does Doña Isabel say?"

"That's the most horrible part of it. Do you know, those wretched idiots believe it's some political revolution among ourselves, like their own miserable government. I believe that baby Isabel thinks that King George and Washington have something to do with it; at any rate, they're anxious to know to what side you belong. So, for goodness' sake, if you have to humor them, say we're all on the same side—I mean, don't you and Mrs. Markham go against Miss Chubb and me."

Scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry at Mrs. Brimmer's incoherent statement, Miss Keene hastily finished dressing as the door flew open to admit the impulsive Doña Isabel and her sister Juanita.

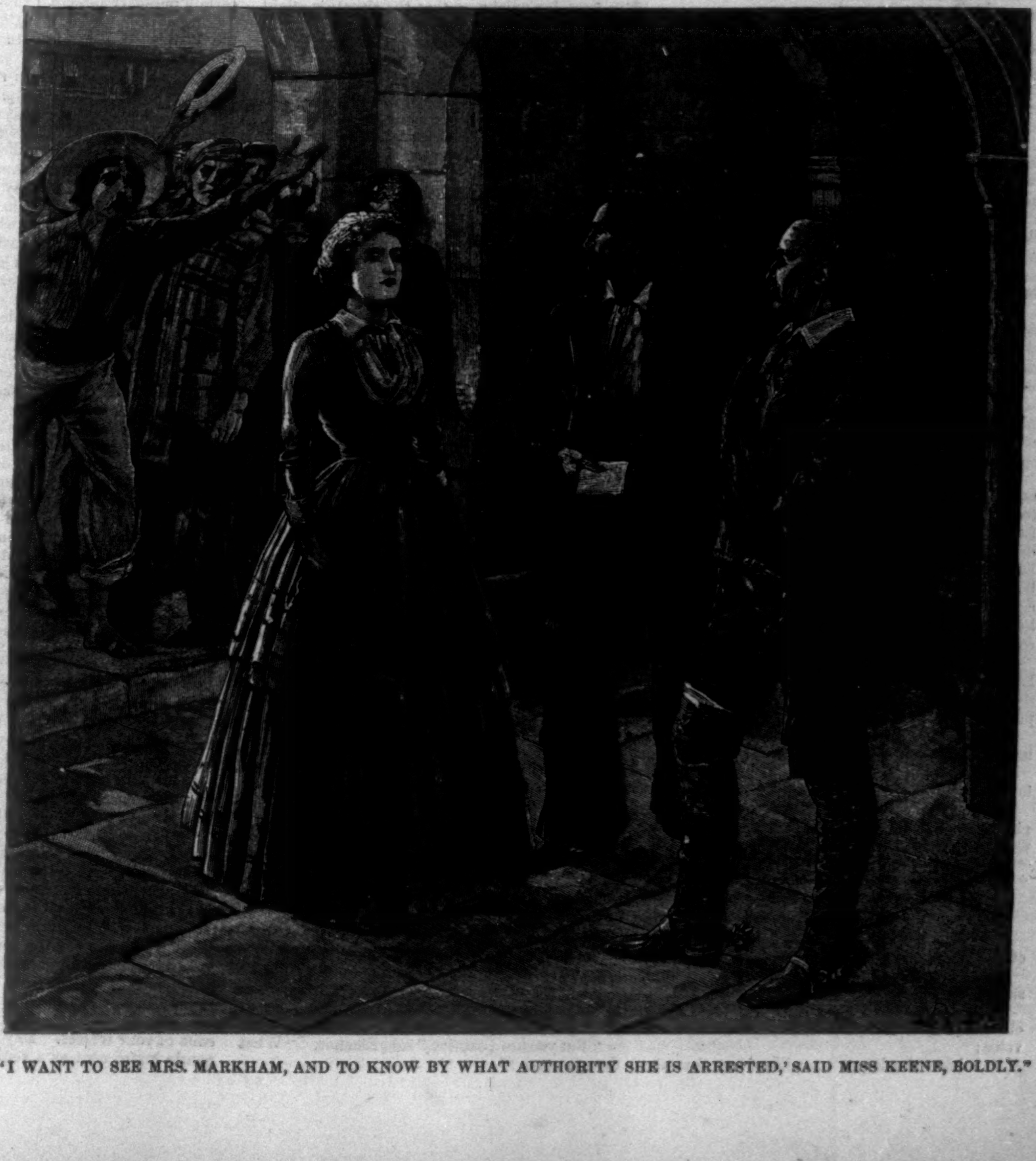
"Do, pray, ask them, for I daren't," whispered Mrs. Brimmer, trying to clasp a mantilla around her, "how this thing is worn, and if they haven't got something like a decent bonnet to lend me for a day or two."

"The señora has not then heard that her goods, and all the goods of the señores and señoras, have been discovered safely put ashore at the embarcadero?"

"No?" said Mrs. Brimmer, eagerly.

"Ah, yes," responded Doña Isabel. "Since the señora is not of the revolutionary party."

Mrs. Brimmer cast a supplicatory look at Miss Keene, and hastily quitted the room. Miss Keene would have as quickly followed her, but the young Ramirez girls threw themselves again tragically



"'I WANT TO SEE MRS. MARKHAM, AND TO KNOW BY WHAT AUTHORITY SHE IS ARRESTED,' SAID MISS KEENE, BOLDLY."

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* Begun in No. 1568.—Copyright, 1886, by Bret Harte.

upon her breast, and, with a mysterious gesture of silence, whispered:

"Fear nothing, Excelencia! We are yours; we will die for you, no matter what Don Ramon or the Comandante or the Ayuntamiento shall decide. Trust us, little one!—pardon—Excelencia, we mean."

"What *is* the matter?" said Miss Keene, now thoroughly alarmed, and releasing herself from the twining arms about her. "For Heaven's sake let me go! I must see somebody! Where is—where is Mrs. Markham?"

"The Markham? Is it the severe one?—as thus," said Doña Isabel, striking an attitude of infantine portentousness.

"Yes," said Miss Keene, smiling in spite of her alarm.

"She is arrested."

"Arrested!" said Eleanor Keene, her cheeks aflame with indignation. "For what? Who dare do this thing?"

"The Comandante. She has a missive—a despatch from the insurrectionaries."

Without another word, and feeling that she could stand the suspense no longer, Miss Keene forced her way past the young girls, unheeding their cries of consternation and apology, and quickly reached the patio. A single glance showed her that Mrs. Brimmer was gone. With eyes and cheeks still burning, she swept past the astounded peons, through the gateway, into the open plaza. Only one idea filled her mind—to see the Commander and demand the release of her friend. How she should do it, with what arguments she should enforce her demand, never occurred to her. She did not even think of asking the assistance of Mr. Brace, Mr. Crosby, or any of her fellow-passengers. The consciousness of some vague crisis that she alone could meet possessed her completely.

The plaza was swarming with a strange rabble of peons and soldiery; of dark, lowering faces, odd-looking weapons and costumes, mules, mustangs, and cattle—a heterogeneous mass, swayed by some fierce excitement. That she saw none of the *Excelsior* party among them did not surprise her; an instinct of some catastrophe more serious than Mrs. Brimmer's vague imaginings frightened but exalted her. With head erect, levelled brows, and bright determined eyes, she walked deliberately into the square. The crowd parted and gave way before this beautiful girl, with her bared head and its invincible crest of chestnut curls. Presently they began to follow her, with a compressed murmur of admiration, until, before she was half-way across the plaza, the sentries beside the gateway of the Presidio were astonished at the vision of a fair-haired and triumphant Pallas, who appeared to be leading the entire population of Todos Santos to victorious attack. In vain a solitary bugle blew, in vain the rolling drum beat an alarm, the sympathetic guard only presented arms as Miss Keene, flushed and excited, her eyes darkly humid with gratified pride, swept past them into the actual presence of the bewildered and indignant Comandante.

The only feminine consciousness she retained was that she was more relieved at her deliverance from the wild cattle and unbroken horses of her progress than from the Indians and soldiers.

"I want to see Mrs. Markham, and to know by what authority she is arrested," said Miss Keene, boldly.

"The Señor Comandante can hold no conference with you until you disperse your party," interpreted the secretary.

She was about to hurriedly reply that she knew nothing of the crowd that had accompanied her, but she was withheld by a newly born instinct of tact.

"How do I know that I shall not be arrested, like my friend?" she said, quickly. "She is as innocent as myself."

"The Comandante pledges himself, as a hidalgo, that you shall not be harmed."

Her first impulse was to advance to the nearest intruders at the gate and say, "Do go away, please," but she was doubtful of its efficiency, and was already too exalted by the situation to be satisfied with its prosaic weakness. But her newly developed diplomacy again came to her aid. "You may tell them so, if you choose; I cannot answer for them," she said, with apparent dark significance.

The secretary advanced on the corridor and exchanged a few words with her more impulsive followers. Miss Keene, goddess-like and beautiful, remained erect behind him, and sent them a dazzling smile and ravishing wave of her little hand. The crowd roared with an effusive and bovine delight that half frightened her, and with a dozen "Viva la Reyna Americana!" she was hurried by the Comandante into the guard-room.

"You ask to know of what the Señora Markham is accused," said the Commander, more gently. "She has received correspondence from the pirate—Perkins!"

"The pirate—Perkins?" said Miss Keene, with indignant incredulity.

"The buccaneer who wrote that letter. Read it to her, Manuel."

The secretary took his eyes from the young girl's glowing face, coughed slightly, and then read as follows:

"'On board the Excelsior, of the Quinquinambo Independent States Navy, *Aug.* 8, 1854.

"'*To Captain Bunker*:—Sir,—'"

"But this is not addressed to *you*?" interrupted Miss Keene, indignantly.

"The Captain Bunker is a raving madman," said the Commander, gravely. "Read on!"

The color gradually faded from the young girl's cheek as the secretary continued, in a monotonous voice:

"'I have the honor to inform you that the bark *Excelsior* was, on the 8th of July, 1854, and the first year of the Quinquinambo Independence, formally condemned by the Federal Council of Quinquinambo, for having aided and assisted the enemy with munitions of war and supplies, against the law of nations, and the tacit and implied good-will between the Republic of the United States and the struggling Confederacies of South America; and that, in pursuance thereof, and under the law of reprisals, and letters of marque, was taken possession of by me yesterday. The goods and personal effects belonging to the passengers and yourself have been safely landed at the embarcadero of Todos Santos—a neutral port—by my directions—my interpretation of the orders of the Federal Council excepting innocent non-combatants and their official protector from amercement or confiscation.

"'I take the liberty of requesting you to hand the enclosed order on the Treasury of the Quinquinambo Confederate States to Don Miguel Briones, in payment of certain stores and provisions, and of a piece of ordnance known as the saluting cannon of the Presidio of Todos Santos. *Vigilencia!* Your obedient servant,

"'Leonidas Bolivar Perkins,

"'Generalissimo Commanding Land and Sea Forces, Quinquinambo Independent States.'"

In her consternation at this fuller realization of the vague catastrophe, Miss Keene still clung to the idea that had brought her there.

"But Mrs. Markham has nothing to do with all this?"

"Then why does she refuse to give up her secret correspondence with the pirate Perkins?" returned the secretary.

Miss Keene hesitated. Had Mrs. Markham any previous knowledge of the señor's real character?

"Why don't you arrest the men?" she said, scornfully. "There is Mr. Banks, Mr Crosby, Mr. Winslow, and Mr. Brace." She uttered the last name more contemptuously as she thought of that young gentleman's previous protestations and her present unprotected isolation.

"They are already arrested and removed to San Antonio, a league hence," returned the secretary. "It is fact enough that they have confessed that their government has seized the Mexican province of California, and that they are on their way to take possession of it."

Miss Keene's heart sank.

"But you knew all this yesterday," she faltered; "and our war with Mexico is all over years ago."

"We did not know it last night at the banquet, señora; nor would we have known it but for this treason and division in your own party."

A sudden light flashed upon Miss Keene's mind. She now comprehended the advances of Doña Isabel. Extravagant and monstrous as it seemed, these people evidently believed that a revolution had taken place in the United States, that the two opposing parties had been represented by the passengers of the *Excelsior*; and that one party had succeeded, headed by the indomitable Perkins. If she could be able to convince them of their blunder, would it be wise to do so? She thought of Mrs. Brimmer's supplication to be ranged "on her side," and realized with feminine quickness that the situation might be turned to her countrymen's advantage. But which side had Todos Santos favored? It was left to her woman's wit to discover this, and conceive a plan to rescue her helpless companions.

Her suspense was quickly relieved. The Commander and his secretary exchanged a few words.

"The Comandante will grant Doña Leonora's request," said the secretary, "if she will answer a question."

"What is it?" responded Miss Keene, with inward trepidation.

"The Señora Markham is perhaps beloved by the pirate Perkins."

In spite of her danger, in spite of the uncertain fate hanging over her party, Miss Keene could with difficulty repress a half-hysterical inclination to laugh. Even then it escaped in a sudden twinkle of her eye, which both the Commander and his subordinate were quick to notice, as she replied, demurely, "Perhaps."

It was enough for the Commander. A gleam of antique archness and venerable raillery lit up his own murky, tobacco-colored pupils; a spasm of gallantry crossed the face of the secretary.

"Ah—what would you?—it is the way of the world," said the Commander. "We comprehend. Come."

He led the way across the corridor, and suddenly opened a small barred door. Whatever preconceived idea Miss Keene may have had of her unfortunate countrywoman immured in a noisome cell, and guarded by a stern jailer, was quite dissipated by the soft misty sunshine that flowed in through the open door. The prison of Mrs. Markham was a part of the old glacis which had been allowed to lapse into a wild garden that stretched to the edge of the sea. There was a summer-house built on and partly from a crumbling bastion, and here, under the shade of tropical creepers, the melancholy captive was comfortably writing, with her portable desk on her knee and a travelling-bag at her feet. A Saratoga trunk of obtrusive proportions stood in the centre of the peaceful vegetation like a newly raised altar to an unknown deity. The only suggestion of martial surveillance was an Indian soldier, whose musket, reposing on the ground near Mrs. Markham, he had exchanged for the rude mattock with which he was quietly digging.

The two women, with a cry of relief, flew into each other's arms. The Commander and his secretary discreetly retired to an angle of the wall.

"I find everything as I left it, my dear, even to my slipper bag," said Mrs. Markham. "They've forgotten nothing."

"But you are a captive," said Eleanor. "What does it mean?"

"Nothing, my dear. I gave them a piece of my mind," said Mrs. Markham, looking, however, as if that mental offering had by no means exhausted her capital. "And I have written six pages to the Governor at Mazatlan, and a full account to Mr. Markham."

"And they won't get them in thirty years!" said Miss Keene, impetuously. "But where is this letter from Señor Perkins? And, for Heaven's sake, tell me if you had the least suspicion before of anything that has happened."

"Not in the least. The man is mad, my dear, and, I really believe, driven so by that absurd Illinois woman's poetry. Did you ever see anything so ridiculous, and shameful too, as the 'Ulricardo' business? I don't wonder he colored so."

Miss Keene winced with annoyance. Was everybody going crazy, or was there anything in this catastrophe that had enfeebled only the minds of her countrywomen! But here was the severe, strong-minded Mrs. Markham actually preoccupied, like Mrs. Brimmer, with utterly irrelevant particulars, and apparently powerless to grasp the fact that they were abandoned on a half-hostile strand, and cut off by half a century from the rest of the world!

"As to the letter," said Mrs. Markham, quietly, "there it is. There's nothing in it that might not have been written by a friend."

Miss Keene took the letter. It was written in a delicate, almost feminine hand. She could not help noticing that in one or two instances corrections had been made and blots carefully removed with an eraser.

"Midnight, on the Excelsior.

"My Friend,—When you receive this I shall probably be once more on the bosom of that mysterious and mighty element whose majesty has impressed us, whose poetry we have loved, and whose moral lessons, I trust, have not been entirely thrown away upon us. I go to the deliverance of one of those oppressed nations whose history I have often recited to you, and in whose destiny you have from time to time expressed a womanly sympathy. While it is probable, therefore, that my *motives* may not be misunderstood by you, or even other dear friends of the *Excelsior*, it is by no means impossible that the celerity and unexpectedness of my *action* may not be perfectly appreciated by the careless mind, and may seem to require some explanation. Let me then briefly say that the idea of debarking your goods and chattels and parting from your delightful company at Todos Santos only occurred to me on our unexpected—shall I say *Providential?*—arrival at that spot; and the necessity of expedition forbade me either inviting your co-operation or soliciting your confidence. Human intelligence is variously constituted—or, to use a more homely phrase, 'many men have many minds'—and it is not impossible that a premature disclosure of my plans might have jeopardized that harmony which you know it has been my desire to promote. It was my original intention to have landed you at Mazatlan, a place really inferior in climate and natural attractions to Todos Santos, although, perhaps, more easy of access and egress, but the presence of an American steamer in the offing would have invested my enterprise with a certain publicity foreign, I think, to all our tastes. Taking advantage, therefore, of my knowledge of the Peninsular coast, and the pardonable ignorance of Captain Bunker, I endeavored, through my faithful subordinates, to reach a less known port, and a coast rarely frequented by reason of its prevailing fog. Here occurred one of those dispensations of an overruling power which, dear friend, we have so often discussed—we fell in with an unknown current, and were guided by a mysterious hand into the bay of Todos Santos!

"You know of my belief in the infinite wisdom and benignity of events; you have, dear friend, with certain feminine limitations, shared it with me. Could there have been a more perfect illustration of it than the power that led us here? On a shore historic in interest, beautiful in climate, hospitable in its people, utterly freed from external influences, and absolutely without a compromising future, you are landed, my dear friend, with your youthful companions. From the crumbling ruins of a decaying past you are called to construct an Arcadia of your own; the rudiments of a new civilization are within your grasp; the cost of existence is comparatively trifling, the various sums you have with you, which even in the chaos of revolution I have succeeded in keeping intact, will more than suffice to your natural wants for years to come. Were I not already devoted to the task of freeing Quinquinambo, I should willingly share this Elysium with you all. But, to use the glowing words of Mrs. McCorkle, slightly altering the refrain,

'Ah, stay me not! With flying feet
O'er desert sands I rush to greet
My fate, my love, my life, my sweet
Quinquinambo!'

"I venture to intrust to your care two unpublished manuscripts of that gifted woman. The dangers that may environ my present mission, the vicissitudes of battle by sea or land, forbid my imperilling their natural descent to posterity. You, my dear friend, will preserve them for the ages to come, occasionally refreshing yourself, from time to time, from that Parnassian spring.

"Adieu, my friend. I look around the familiar cabin and miss your gentle faces. I feel as Jason might have felt, alone on the deck of the *Argo* when his companions were ashore, except that I know of no Circean influences to mar their destiny. In examining the state-rooms to see if my orders for the complete restoration of passengers' property had been carried out, I allowed myself to look into yours. Lying alone, forgotten, and overlooked, I saw a peculiar jet hair-pin which I think I have observed in the coils of your tresses. May I venture to keep this gentle instrument as a reminder of the superior intellect it has so often crowned? Adieu, my friend. Ever yours,

"Leonidas Bolivar Perkins."

"Well?" said Mrs. Markham, impatiently, as Miss Keene remained motionless with the letter in her hand.

"It seems like a ridiculous nightmare! I can't understand it at all. The man that wrote this letter may be mad, but he is neither a pirate nor a thief—and yet—"

"He a pirate?" echoed Mrs. Markham, indignantly; "he's nothing of the kind! Why, it's not even his *fault!*"

"Not his fault?" repeated Miss Keene. "Are you mad, too?"

"No; nor a fool, my dear. Don't you see? It's all the fault of Banks and Brimmer for compromising the vessel; of that stupid drunken captain for permitting it. Señor Perkins is a liberator, a patriot, who has perilled himself and his country to treat us magnanimously. Don't you see it? It's like that Banks and that Mrs. Brimmer to call *him* a pirate. I've a good mind to give the Commander my opinion of *them*."

"Hush!" said Miss Keene, with a sudden recollection of the Commander's suspicions, "for Heaven's sake! You do not know what you are saying. Look! they were talking with that strange man, and now they are coming this way."

The Commander and his secretary approached them. They were both more than usually grave, but the look of inquiry and suspicion with which they regarded the two women was gone from their eyes.

"The Señor Comandante says you are free, señoras, and begs you will only decide whether you will remain his guests or the guests of the Alcalde. But for the present he cannot allow you any communication with the prisoners of San Antonio."

"There is further news?" said Miss Keene, faintly, with a presentiment of worse complications.

"There is. A body from the *Excelsior* has been washed on shore."

The two women turned pale.

"In the pocket of the murdered man is an accusation against one Señor Hurlstone, who was concealed on the ship, who came not ashore openly with the other passengers, but who escaped in secret, and is now hiding somewhere in Todos Santos."

"And you suspect him of this infamous act?" said Eleanor, forgetting all prudence in her indignation. "You are deceiving yourself. He is as innocent as I am."

The Commander and the secretary smiled sapiently, but gently. "The Señor Comandante believes you, Doña Leonora; the Señor Hurlstone is innocent of the piracy. He is of a surety the leader of the Opposition."

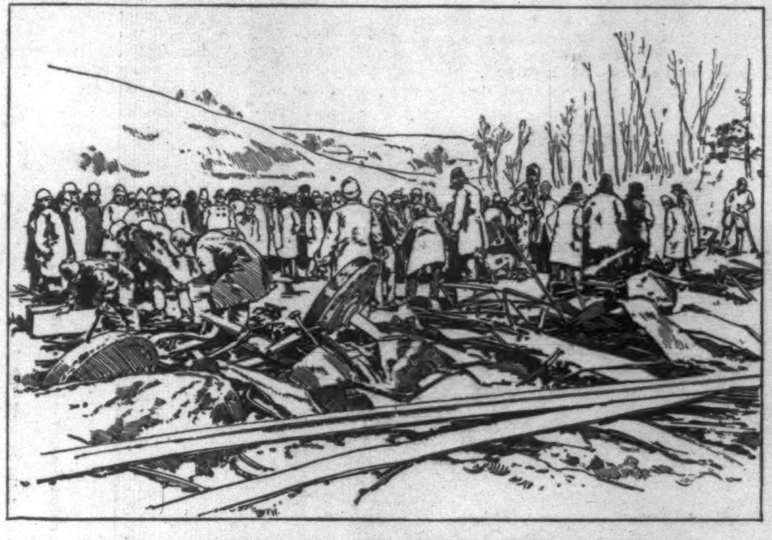
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESOLATION.

Whether there may be more than one kind of polar-bear is still a question zoologists have to decide. Later research seems to show that if there be any variations they rather belong to the individual. Mr. Church in his picture shows us *Thalassarctos maritimus*, who has lost his mate. Some arctic explorer has shot the female bear, and her companion howls in his anguish. The dreariness of the scene is complete. There is ice and water, and beyond that more ice. The horizon is a broken one, where the floes are in constant motion. The summer sun has even an unnatural glare, though there is for a brief season no night. Have polar-bears affections? Many explorers tell us of the solicitude the dam feels for her cubs, and how with their own persons they have shielded their little ones from death. The polar-bear and his existence is often cited, by those eager to reach the pole, as exhibiting by his presence the wealth of animal life in the arctic circle. This species of bear shows admirably the survival of the fittest. By nature he is omnivorous, and if seals and fish are wanting, or carcasses of whales have not been cast on the shore, he will exist on the eggs of birds, and even berries. In bulk the polar-bear is the largest of his species, and specimens have been killed which would weigh 1800 pounds. Though possessing enormous strength and endurance—Captain Sabine having seen one "swimming forty miles from the shore"—this bear is by no means ferocious, and rarely if ever attacks man. Differing from the grizzly bear—which has somewhat changed its nature of late, and is more timid when in the presence of man, and retreats to his rocky fastnesses—the polar-bear, owing to his isolation, is more easily approached. In a naturalistic sense Mr. F. S. Church's picture is a perfect one, and by his art he has been enabled to infuse sentiment into so unpromising a subject as a polar-bear.

THE DEVOURING CAR STOVE.

The largest page of the finest print could not contain a complete indictment of the murderous car stove. For example, take the occurrences of a single day of the current year. Everybody remembers such a shocking event as the Tiffin collision on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where, as at White River, wrecked cars and maimed passengers were burned together. But who remembers the other two little accidents of that day? On the Erie road there was a collision, and "several cars were burned." On the Boston and Albany, near Mittineague, there was a case of "off the rails," when, of course, "the wrecked cars caught fire like a flash." But only one or two people happened to be burned to death, and no notice is taken of little things like that. Less than a week later there was a collision on the Wilmington and Northern Railroad, when, it is almost superfluous to say, "two cars took fire and burned furiously." It is not the number of people who happen to be burned in any one case that makes up the case against the deadly lamp and stove. It is the monotonous regularity with which the event recurs that impresses travellers with the belief that when *their* accident comes, torture to death may be their fate, if perchance they escape crushing. It was the same in other years. In 1886, in the Deerfield River accident on the Hoosac Tunnel line, "the flames spread and completed the horror;. . . .three cars almost at once caught fire." In 1884, in the Collinsville collision on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, "four persons, fastened down by broken timbers, were roasted to death, the car catching fire from the overturned stove." In 1882 occurred the dreadful Spuyten Duyvil accident, when Senator Wagner was burned to death in his own palace-car. Everybody remembers that, because, among other reasons, the Grand Jury then formally said everything that was bad about the car stove. But the forgotten case of the palace-car Tolono is really more significant. It simply burned upon the track, without any other inciting cause than the malevolence of the stove or lamp. It were easy, if it were necessary, to cull frightful stories from the experience of earlier years and other countries. But although the melody varies, the theme is always and everywhere the same—fire follows the disturbed stove as surely as the flash follows the touch upon the trigger.



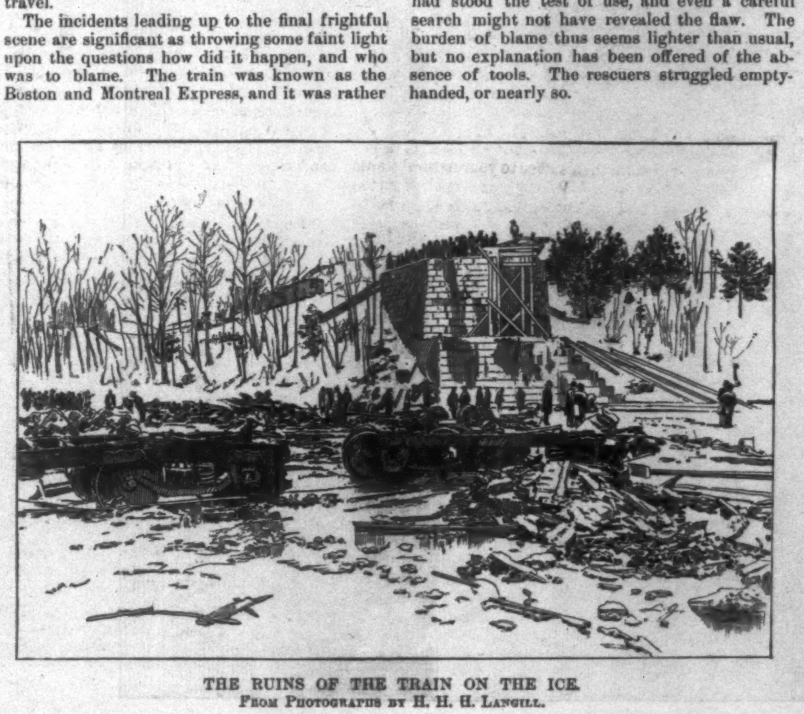
SEARCHING FOR REMAINS ON THE MORNING AFTER THE DISASTER
From Photographs by H. H. H. Langill.

THE WHITE RIVER DISASTER.

The latest lists make it possible to believe that no more than thirty-two persons perished in the accident at the White River Bridge, on the Central Vermont Railroad, before dawn on February 5. But while the death list has decreased with better information, every added detail has gone to make up a story of terror unsurpassed by the record of Norwalk, Angola, or Ashtabula. It is impossible to conceive a more distressing fate than that of a French Canadian travelling with his son. The little boy crawled out of the débris of the wreck, and manfully returned to help his father, who bade him "pull me out if you break my legs." The effort was useless, although the lad struggled after others were scorched away. Then he and his father embraced, and the flames completed their work. Some escapes were narrow and singular almost beyond belief. Two college boys occupied the same berth, and were both pinned immovable by the wreckage. They conversed together, expecting death, when suddenly one felt his limbs freed. The imprisoning beam had burned apart, and his way to liberty and life was clear. His friend was tortured to death, his struggles and cries, like those of twenty others, being only in a degree more agonizing than the feelings of by-standers, who could see and hear and touch sufferers, but were powerless to help them. Thus the dreadful tale might be indefinitely prolonged, for not even a hint has been given of the sufferings of those who were maimed by the shock or frozen after they had escaped other perils. White River will long be deservedly a synonym of terror to all who travel.

The incidents leading up to the final frightful scene are significant as throwing some faint light upon the questions how did it happen, and who was to blame. The train was known as the Boston and Montreal Express, and it was rather unusually well filled, there being on board several gay parties bound for the Ice Carnival. It was behind time, but was not going very fast when the accident happened. The passengers felt sudden jolts, and knew the cars were off the track. Each individual tie was felt as the wheels rolled over it, indicating a speed of about ten miles an hour. The engineer was first alarmed by the gong in his cab, and by a dragging shock full of meaning to his experienced senses. He looked back, and saw the rear car toppling over the side of the bridge across the White River. It was a wooden structure, fifty odd feet above the frozen surface of the river. Three other cars took the plunge, and then the couplings broke, letting the rest of the train run safely ahead. Within what seemed an instant each car flashed into flame, started by the lamps and stoves. In half an hour all was silent except for the crackling embers of what had been the bridge and cars. Of 91 persons on the train, 17 escaped, 6 are yet missing, and 36 were wounded. The proportion of killed and wounded is worse than in that wildest of forlorn hopes, the charge at Balaklava.

The investigation developed one reassuring fact—the train did not leave the track on the bridge, which was strong enough, and provided with guard rails. A broken journal was found and a broken rail, but which break caused the other is a matter of opinion. The broken journal, or axle, belonged to a Pullman car, and was presumably a good one. The broken rail was rather light, and showed imperfections of manufacture. It had stood the test of use, and even a careful search might not have revealed the flaw. The burden of blame thus seems lighter than usual, but no explanation has been offered of the absence of tools. The rescuers struggled empty-handed, or nearly so.



THE RUINS OF THE TRAIN ON THE ICE.
From Photographs by H. H. H. Langill.

BISMARCK IN THE REICHSTAG.

On the 21st of the present month Germany is to hold elections for a new Reichstag, in place of the one dissolved by order of the Emperor on the 14th of January, as the result of an adverse vote upon the government's army bill. The debate which preceded the dissolution was most memorable. The government had brought in a bill for a renewal and increase of the army establishment, to continue seven years, as under the present law. Its opponents, led by Dr. Windthorst and Herr Richter, demurred to some provisions of the bill, and proposed an amendment making its term three years, arguing that then it would be easy to grant either three or seven years more. Nettled by this opposition, Bismarck and Moltke took the floor. The aged Field-Marshal declared that the only safeguard against war was to enact the bill as it stood. The culmination of the struggle came on the 11th of January, when the Chancellor delivered an address of extraordinary strength, which rang through both hemispheres. By turns sarcastic, reminiscent, argumentative, menacing, and even violent, he shed a flood of light over the contemporary politics of Europe, throwing open with contemptuous carelessness state secrets that all the quidnuncs of the Continent had been laboriously prying at for months, putting off all trappings of mystery which had surrounded him as the cabinet arbiter of Europe, and narrating in the most matter-of-fact way the relations of Germany with Russia, France, and Austria. The front page of this number of the Weekly shows Bismarck in the midst of this memorable speech, at the thrilling moment when, having declared that the boundary quarrel with France began centuries ago in French seizures of the three bishoprics of Toul, Metz, and Verdun, he added that since that time there had been no generation in Germany which had not been forced to draw the sword against France.

The Chancellor had begun by satirically contrasting the opinions of Herr Grillenberger and his associates on military matters with those of Count Moltke. Germany's relations with Austria, he said, are more cordial than ever; while "Russia's friendship is much more to us than that of Bulgaria and of all the Bulgarophiles in our country." This seemed to be a practical announcement that Germany will give Russia her way in the Balkans, in return for standing aloof in a struggle between Germany and France. Of the latter country he said, amidst loud applause, "If the French will only remain at peace until we attack her, then peace will be secured to eternity." But he urged that no cabinet, no newspaper, no public man, in France, dares to say openly, "We renounce the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine"; and he added that "the moment the French think they can conquer, they will begin the war." This, he held, was the real peril of Germany, and this the argument for the septennate bill. With the vast preparations on both sides, "the war of 1870 would be child's play in its results for France in comparison with that of 1890 or—I do not know when."

In spite of Bismarck's "blood-and-iron" oratory—possibly somewhat in consequence of it, since he had described the opposition as aiming to substitute a parliamentary for an imperial army—the amendment proposing a three years' term was carried by 186 votes to 154. Scarcely was the result announced when Prince Bismarck, making good a threat in his speech, strode into the Chamber from the side room where he had been watching the ballot, and read an imperial order dissolving the Reichstag, with which he had provided himself in case of defeat. Then both sides appealed to the country.

THE COTTON-SEED OIL INDUSTRY.

The pending agitation in the South over the formation of the new monopoly known as the Cotton-seed Oil Trust lends special interest to one of the chief industries of Atlanta, illustrated in the Supplement of the last number of the Weekly. On its own merits the manufacture of "gossypium phospho" is worthy of notice, on account of its utilization of what would otherwise be an almost waste product of the cotton field. The "gossypium" is a fertilizer especially adapted to the needs of cotton, and its principal ingredient is cotton-seed meal, or the pulverized cake from which cotton-seed oil has been expressed. As the "gossypium" factory is dependent upon the oil mill for material, and the latter finds in the fertilizer works a ready market for its largest product, the two are often found closely connected and governed by mutual interests.

In every bale of cotton there are 1000 pounds of seed and 500 pounds of lint. As about two acres of land are required to raise a bale of cotton, one acre will produce about 500 pounds of cotton seed, which brings the planter $10 per ton, or $2 50 per acre. A ton of seed yields 76 gallons of oil, which sells for about 30 cents per gallon. It also yields about 20 pounds of short-staple lint, useful for making cotton batting, etc. Besides these is the meal, formerly considered valuable only to mix with other food for cattle, but which is now returned to the soil in the shape of fertilizer.

The cotton seed upon entering the mill first passes through the "linters"—delicate machines which remove from each separate seed every particle of its fleecy covering which has escaped the cruder process of the cotton-gin. From the linter it goes into the huller, where its hull or shell is split open and torn off. The meat is then boiled in huge caldrons, during which operation it gives out a rich, unctuous odor, suggestive of culinary operations on a large scale, but not at all unpleasant. The boiled seed, encased in small coarse bags, then goes to "press." Twenty bags filled with the well-cooked mass are thrust into as many receptacles of an immensely powerful steam-press. Power is applied gradually, but with a terribly relentless energy, until the oil, flowing out in steady streams, and finding its way to the receiving tanks below, has been entirely expressed from the several bags, and each contains merely a hard, dry cake. From these cakes the sacking covering is stripped, to be used again, and they are thrust into the jaws of a rapidly revolving mill that instantly reduces them to meal, which goes to the fertilizer factory across the way.

The Atlanta cotton-seed oil mill produces 10,000 barrels of oil and 4000 tons of meal annually. It is possible to so refine this oil as to produce a tasteless, odorless, and colorless liquid, and its sphere of usefulness is being daily extended. It is largely used in adulterations, and it is stated upon good authority that one-fourth of all the lard used in this country is cotton-seed oil.

In this Atlanta mill nothing is wasted; even the hulls of the cotton seed are utilized as fuel beneath the boilers of its 150-horse-power engine. Not only do these hulls furnish fuel for this mill, but half of them, forced through 600 feet of pneumatic pipe, reach the adjacent "gossypium" works, and there form the only fuel used to heat its boilers. Besides cotton-seed meal, the ingredients of the "gossypium phospho" are sulphuric acid, which is manufactured on the premises from sulphur imported by the ship-load from Sicily, muriate of potash, which comes from German mines, nitrate of soda, from Peru, sulphate of ammonia, from Chicago, and phosphates, which are dug on the Stone River, near Charleston, South Carolina.

The earliest experiments in compounding a fertilizer from phosphates, acid, and cotton-seed meal were conducted on Colonel Scott's plantation near Tallahassee, Florida, in 1867; but it was not until 1876 that he moved to Atlanta and began, in a small way, to manufacture "gossypium." When he submitted samples of the new article to the State Commissioner of Agriculture for inspection and analysis, that gentleman at first declined to class it as a commercial fertilizer, saying that the planters had as good, if not a better, fertilizer at home in the unprepared and unmixed cotton seed. Now these works alone turn out 30,000 tons of "gossypium" annually, and the demand for it is in excess of the supply. In 1876 the cotton-seed oil mills were only paying the planters about eight cents per bushel for seed, as there was no market for the meal, and depending upon the oil alone for a profit, they could afford no more. Now they pay from sixteen to eighteen cents per bushel for the seed. The fertilizer produced from it can be bought for $32 per ton, and a ton is sufficient for about ten acres. The result of its use is to double the yielding capacity of the soil, so that the entire cost of the fertilizer is now defrayed by the cotton seed, which was formerly an almost waste product, and the extra yield of lint may be considered as just so much clear profit.

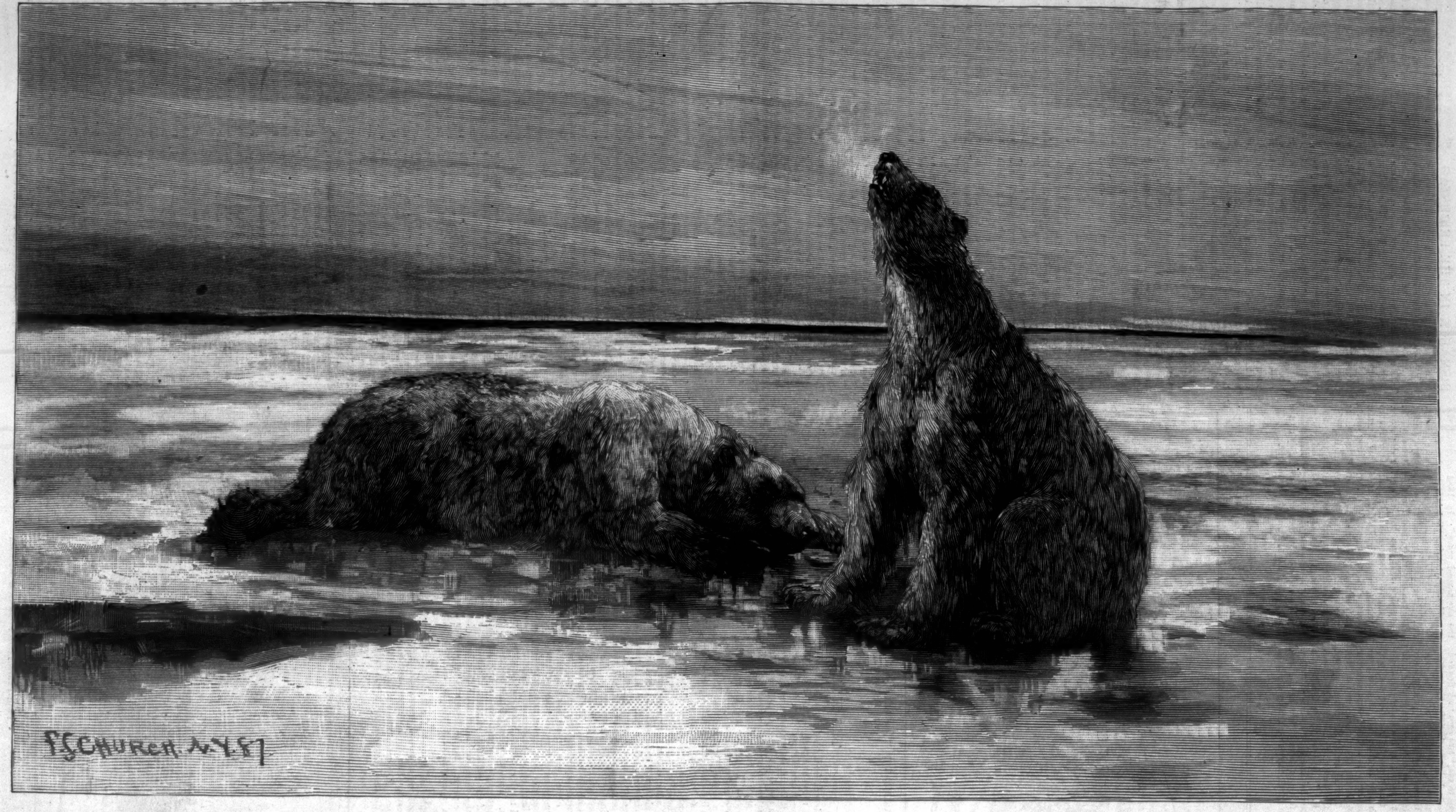
A MONTREAL STAGE-COACH.

The stage, or *diligence*, as it is called officially, which runs from Montreal to La Prairie, St. Philippe, St. Jacques, Le Mineur, and Napierville, is a modest vehicle known probably to a comparatively small number of the inhabitants of the Canadian metropolis. Naturally, in this age of steam, it would not attract wide attention as a convenience of travel, but it serves the purposes of a few very well, and it is, in addition, a picturesque survival calculated to cheer the artistic sense, which seeks cheerful objects somewhat solicitously nowadays. Leech would have delighted to picture it on account of its solidity and its suggestion of great natural comfort, and would probably have been satisfied to treat it without much exaggeration. The Montreal and La Prairie *diligence* runs, or ran lately, with more or less punctuality, at stated intervals all the year round. In summer it goes upon wheels, but it is more picturesque, and its movement is far more grateful to passengers, when it is mounted upon runners, and speeds over the roads of snow or along the frozen river. Probably few of the American visitors to the Carnival will see the *diligence*, and fewer still will make a journey upon it. That will be their misfortune. A ride upon it is a sort of modified tobogganing, without the drudgery of climbing uphill, and with the soft music of the horn thrown in.

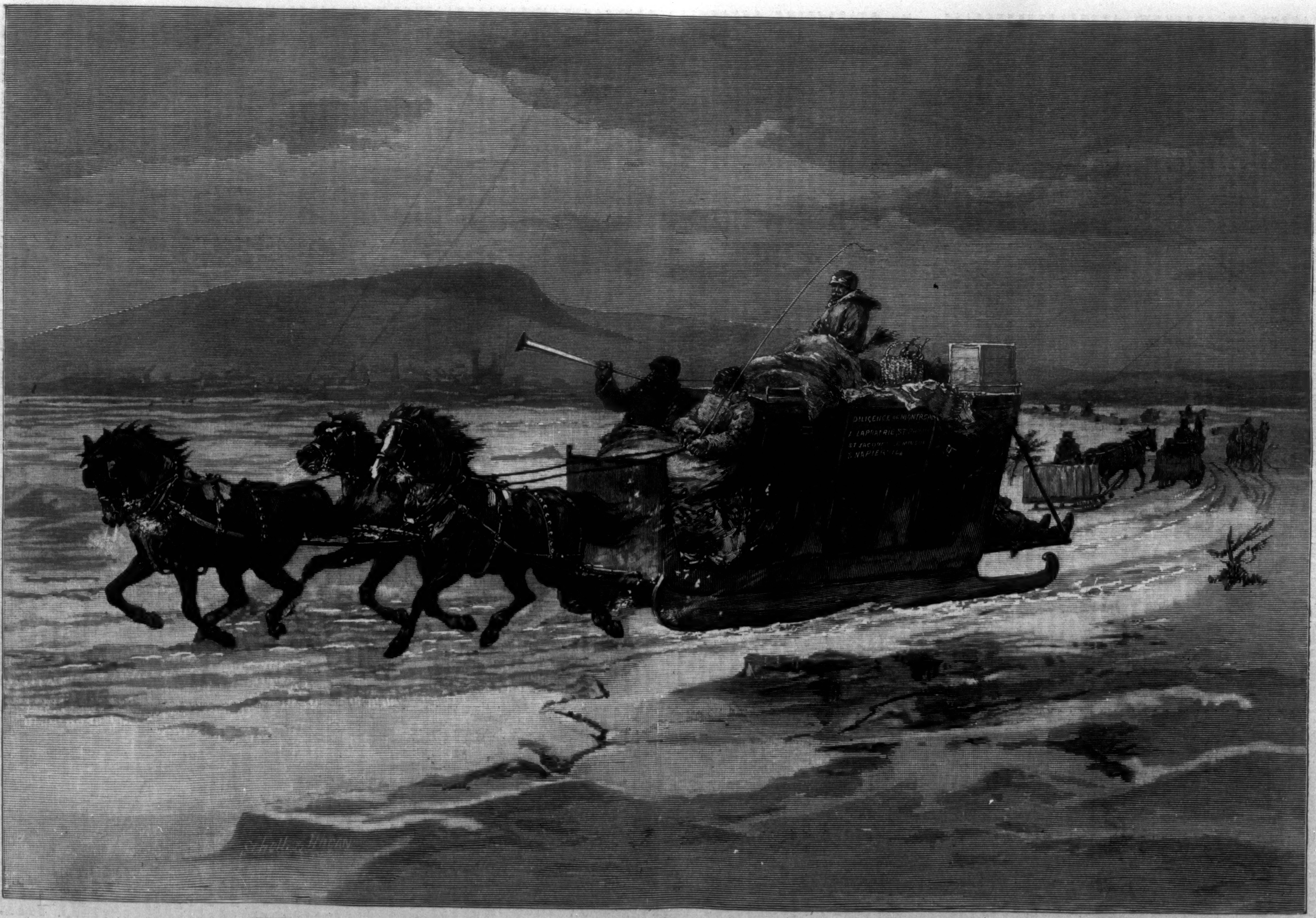
"THE LAST ABOARD."

Ships have changed and sailors have changed since the days of Peter Simple, but there are certain human tendencies which are as strong in sailors now as they were then, and which, for all that one can see, will last until the end of things nautical. Among the weaknesses to which Jack is perennially subject is the weakness of being loath to rejoin his ship after an interval of liberty on shore. In the case of the sailor whose return is represented in the picture on page 137 the indisposition to resume the humdrum of a seafaring life is most marked. It is a somewhat difficult process to hoist him to the ship's deck, but his mates understand that he means no offence to them personally by being burdensome, and that his balky behavior is directed merely against the general system of ship discipline, which, on such an occasion particularly, seems very harsh and grinding to him.

The types of sailors represented in this picture are taken from Uncle Sam's navy, and may be seen in life just at present at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, where, though satisfactory results have attended the energetic temperance crusade conducted by the worthy chaplain of the *Vermont*, the backsliders are sufficiently numerous to supply many originals for the subject of our illustration.



"DESOLATION."—FROM THE PAINTING BY F. S. CHURCH IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.—[SEE PAGE 130.]


DILIGENCE DE MONTREAL
A LAPRAIRIE, ST PHILIPPE
ST JACQUES LE MINEUR
& NAPIERVILLE

A SURVIVAL OF THE OLD CAÑADIAN DILIGENCES—RUN BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LA PRAIRIE, ST. PHILIP, ETC.—Drawn by Schell & Hogan.—[See Page 131.]

JULIUS: A WAITER.

THE day had proved unproductive; although I knew what I wished to say, and even, in a vague way, how I wished to say it, the appropriate words did not suggest themselves. My books likewise failed to give me any help; and finally, wearied by my sterile efforts, I took my hat and went out. On the Common I met my friend P——, the writer, and we walked along together to the end of the board walk; he had just finished Tolstoï's *La Mort*, which I had also read, and wished to talk it over with some one; so he proposed that I should accompany him to the club of which he was a member, and where we could enjoy a simple dinner and a quiet talk.

"Not the least important thing that we learn from his books," P—— began, as we went into the smoking-room, and continuing his discourse on Tolstoï, "is that the apparently most commonplace incidents of real life may, and often do, possess considerable human—I might even say dramatic—interest. Unfortunately we do not know *how* to look at things. We see a man's head, his hands, and feet; note the color of his eyes, and form an impression that he is commonplace and uninteresting; we describe him on paper by these characteristics, and produce a commonplace, uninteresting figure, which you of the romantic school declare to be—and often rightly—a mere photograph, and an uninteresting one at that. If your objection is well-founded it means merely that we lack talent, not that our principle is wrong. 'Nihil humanum a me alienum puto.' But this semi-barbarian examines his subjects more patiently, more lovingly. He does not go out of his way to invent something or somebody which he knows he will never see in this world, and consequently how truly human are his men and women! and how well we know them when we lay down the book! I have to thank him for teaching me to discover much of real interest where I believed that I knew the ground well and that it was barren. And *à propos* of this, let me read you a few notes which I have here, and mean to work into my next book. You are sure it will not bore you?"

I, of course, answered that that was impossible, and P—— read me the following fragment:

"His name was Julius, simply. To the postman and at the registrar's office he may possibly have been known by some more individual name, but to the world in which he lived he was 'Julius the waiter.' He was a short heavy man with a large round head, and an honest German face that you remembered when you looked at it, and forgot again when his back was turned and you could see only the rounded folds of skin showing through his close-cut hair, or the ragged ends of his tawny mustache. He seemed to have been born in the shell-jacket, white apron, and broad-soled shoes which revealed his social position; the glasses or dishes which he spent his life moving and removing from the tables seemed as much a part of his hands as were his square-chipped finger-nails, and one was again impressed with the thoughtful providence of nature that had placed a pencil behind his ear. It was as difficult to imagine him without these attributes of his profession as it was to think of him in any other than his professional capacity. If the question had been asked of any of the men whom he served daily whether Julius were a man, he would probably have answered unhesitatingly and in a tone of some astonishment, 'No; he is a waiter.' And yet Julius was as much a man, even if one of a different kind, as those on whom he waited.

"Forty years before, he had gladdened a suffering woman's heart as she lay exhausted yet happy in a modest countryman's house in the overcrowded Rhineland. His world, which at first had been limited to one room, gradually expanded into the house, then into the village, and finally into the fields, which he helped his father to cultivate. Until the time when the difficulty of supporting a family by farming obliged his parents to emigrate, his education was the same sound, simple, sensible one that all boys receive in the Rhine country. He learned to read, write, and put the rules of arithmetic to practical application, and this part of his learning he never forgot. Certain rudimentary notions of the geography and history of the world in general, and of his own Vaterland in particular, he committed to memory in a condensed form; but the greater part of these he left in the school-house where they belonged; so that on reaching New York he discovered that if, on the one hand, he had much to learn, he had, on the other, little to forget; and in this new country that gave him a great advantage over his father.

"His complete ignorance of English naturally limited the field of his search for employment, and eventually he found a place as waiter in a small German beer saloon in the Bowery. For a long time, sprightly in the morning and weary at night, he drew beer, washed glasses, wiped tables, and listened to the somewhat unclassical language with which German is apt to develop under the influence of Bowery grammarians. As his boss prospered and the saloon expanded he passed through the various stages characterized by the anonymous, 'du,' or 'boy'; the patronizing, 'Jul'; the authoritative or expostulating, 'Kellner'; and finally the more respectful, 'Julius,' of the patrons of the establishment; and as he grew in importance his work increased proportionately, until it did not seem possible for one man to attend to it in a day.

"During a period of several years the individual in Julius gradually receded before the instrument. From the moment when, early in the morning, he sanded the floor and cleaned up the gathered dirt of the preceding day, to the time when, half-unconscious with sleep, he closed for the night, Julius only asserted himself through his occupations. Even eating and drinking had become a mechanical side-play, as it were, of the daily performance. He could not have told when he went to sleep, nor when he had been allowed to sleep as long as he wished and really needed. His will had become subordinated to the requirements of the guests, as his thoughts were to the opinions expressed in the daily papers, of which, if they contradicted one another, the last read was the best. Excepting in so far as the interests of the house were concerned, he accepted the outspoken theories of the consumers, with but just sufficient hesitation to insure their repetition in more forcible terms; and he learned to gauge the relative importance of his patrons according to the duly paid quantity of solids and liquids which passed through his hands. At monthly recurring dates he left the perpetually gas-lighted saloon for an evening, which usually developed into a night of attempted intimacy with what he called, and believed to be, the world. But what with sleep, and the equally soothing influence of unrecorded potations, the remembrance of what he had seen in the 'world' was never very distinct, even on the following day, and the engrossing duties of his position left him little leisure to string together such fragmentary impressions as he might have recalled into anything like an appreciable whole.

"After several years of this existence Julius fell ill, as was to be expected, and having become a factor of considerable importance in the economy of the establishment, the proprietor took him into his own family, and intrusted him to the care of his wife and daughter. During the long weeks of his convalescence, Julius, for the first time since his arrival in America, had leisure to realize how lonely and how unselfish his previous life had been. After this protracted period of enforced silence nature spoke, and, with the license conceded to convalescents, she spoke peremptorily. Julius loved. He had of a sudden understood that life without a wife was not worth living, and as there were no serious objections to be considered, he soon after married the daughter of his employer.

"Julius's convictions were not the outgrowth of any process of intellectual development. He went to sleep without any, and awoke the next morning to find the question definitely settled in his own mind. Reasons he had none to give; consequently argument could not move him. He knew that he was right simply because he felt that he was right, and to him that seemed sufficient. The first year of his married life was to him a tremendous one, as heretofore, he remained a waiter during the day, but at night, when his work was over, he became a man; so there were two Juliuses occupying the same earthly tenement, and, like Box and Cox, they never interfered with one another When he became a father, a third and new Julius came into existence, and for a little time these three-part individuals were able to live together, if without harmony, at least without discord. But this could not last long. One morning the father interfered with the waiter, and suddenly the trinity of Juliuses collapsed, leaving him a very perplexed man. He did not attempt to understand these crises of sudden evolution, during which he moved up with one step, as it were, the whole distance which he should have passed over by degrees, but, as usual, waited for some simple inspiration. Of the internal machinery by which the problems of his life were solved he professed to know nothing; so he waited patiently and passively.

"One morning he awoke with the conviction that it was no longer proper for him to fill the two positions of son-in-law and waiter in the same establishment, and an hour later, by the same process of unconscious cerebration, he had reached the conclusion that he must leave New York and go to Boston. Possibly he felt that to accept employment elsewhere in New York would mean merely a repetition of the life which he had led so long, and which he now hated, and that would have accounted for his desire to leave the place; but he had chosen Boston, where he had neither friends nor relatives, as a child might suddenly wish to go to Greenland or South Africa, indifferently, merely because it was tired of remaining in the house. And this was characteristic of the man.

"For a few months Julius found temporary employment in a modest restaurant patronized by college men and such of the mildly Bohemian element in Boston as does not belong to any club, and here he discovered that he had one ambitious longing. He wished to become a club waiter. It so happened that about this time a small dining club was being organized among young artists and professional men of modest means, and Julius, having applied for the position of senior waiter, was made happy at last. Here it was that he completed his evolution into Julius the waiter.

"Here he had an opportunity of seeing and listening to a class of men whose very existence he had hitherto not suspected. Here, for the first time, he waited on gentlemen, and saw them as they are among themselves when no restraining influence of conventionality is present. He heard good speeches, good music, and on certain occasions saw good painting. Heretofore these things had existed for him only as the headings of newspaper paragraphs, and his taste, if one may use this word to describe the appreciation of an untutored, unprejudiced nature, had not been vitiated by the poison of such low art as is unfortunately rightly believed to appeal to the lower classes. Instinctively Julius liked what was good and simple; his criticism—purely one of feeling—was unconscious, and usually remained unexpressed. On the whole, he was absolutely and perfectly happy. The club became the object of his life, and little by little he came to believe that it belonged to him, or at least that he was an essential element of its existence. All the facts of its history fixed themselves in his memory without conscious effort on his part, and remained written there as clearly as on the books. He knew the tastes of the individual members, and without ever making any mistakes he brought them what they liked, and omitted to bring what each disliked; and this he did half unconsciously, as naturally as he ate, drank, or breathed. In a word, he identified himself with the institution, spoke of it in the first person plural, and as long as he was within its doors forgot that he had any distinct individuality of his own.

"The pet alligator and the spotted, pink-nosed cat, born and raised in the club kitchen, became as important factors in the life of Julius the waiter as were his own children in the life of Julius the man. On crowded occasions, when it became necessary to introduce other helpers, he became so jealous of these that he would only allow them to help indirectly, and as far as was possible he prevented their coming into direct contact with the club members—a privilege which he considered exclusively his own, and to maintain which he contrived to do the work of three ordinary men. As time went on he took upon himself the performance of one duty after another, and attended to everything personally, from the cleaning up in the morning to the posting of the account books late at night. He learned to understand French and Italian as only a German-born waiter does understand these languages; and without ever being familiar, he put himself on a familiar footing with the club men, who had come to look upon him as a species of member, constituting a class by himself. A few, looking deeper than the rest, had discovered the man beneath the mask of the waiter, and to these he would sometimes relate the vague recollections of his former life, really pleased and perhaps somewhat astonished to be treated for a moment like a man instead of as a thing that came forward at the touch of a bell, obeyed an order, and went back again into the backroom to snatch a little sleep before the next call. But, speaking generally, Julius was only a waiter.

"On certain occasions, however, the mask fell, and then Julius again took his place in the human family. His eldest boy, of whom he was rightly proud, fell ill, and on the same day on which the doctor told him that there was but little hope of his recovery he received a letter from New York with the news that his aged father was dying. Julius did not complain; his sound common-sense told him that he could do nothing better than wait and endure, so he endured, and continued waiting, as usual. Only a few of the members knew of his trouble, and the majority probably attributed the bleeredness of his eyes and his broken voice to a temporary abuse of the cellar keys which were intrusted to his keeping. As usual, he brought cigars and spirits, wrote out his checks, and attended to his table.

"On that very day the club was giving a supper to some famous foreign actor, and a supper would not be possible without the help of Julius. He knew this, and did not ask for leave of absence, which, he thought, would have been treasonable to his club. During the afternoon one of the three or four members to whom he sometimes talked about himself came into the club for a few minutes, and Julius followed him into the cloak-room to show him a photograph of the sick child. His manner as he did this was somewhat embarrassed, as if he felt that he ought to apologize for the liberty which he was taking, yet at the same time he could not repress a feeling of pride at being the father of such a boy.

"'He is a nice bright boy, Mr. D——,' he said. 'He's six years old now, and just as smart. Oh, he's a splendid little fellow, and the doctor says he's stood it like a little major. We didn't have time to get no more than one of them finished. That's a nice photograph, isn't it, Mr. D——?' Then he turned quickly and went out of the room.

"During the supper Julius tried hard to remember that he was only a waiter; but notwithstanding his efforts he could not altogether forget the little bed a few blocks away where the boy was lying, and in spite of himself his eyes betrayed his feelings. When the president rose and made a humorous speech, Julius laughed with the rest; but sometimes his laugh was slightly hysterical, and sounded like a sob—only to himself, of course, for no one else was thinking of the boy or of the old man. And a little later, when the guest of the evening gave utterance in somewhat sentimental words to his feelings of gratitude at his kind reception in America, Julius broke down, and went out into the hall. He sat down on the window-sill and looked up at the clock opposite. 'It must be settled now,' he thought to himself. 'The doctor said he would know one way or the other to-night. Perhaps it's all right and the little fellow's coming round.' Unconsciously he smiled and joined his hands, in which he held the ends of his napkin. Then he fancied that he saw the little thing lying quiet and white on the tumbled bedclothes, and tears came into his eyes.

"'What are you doing there, Julius?" the steward cried out to him, angrily. 'Come in here and attend to your work. Come, come, hurry!' So Julius went back to hand cigars and coffee and take orders for liqueurs. When the guests went into the reception-room upstairs, he followed them with the punch-bowl, and stood in the doorway listening to the music and singing, and for a little while he forgot his trouble until the famous actor began to recite a simple pathetic story of country life, and once more Julius was unable to control his feelings. He took off his apron, and without stopping for a hat, ran away home. It was not decided yet; the doctor could not tell until to-morrow. So he returned to the deserted club-rooms and washed dishes throughout the night in the dimly lighted kitchen.

"In time the old man died, and the child recovered. Julius forgot his sorrow and continued as usual to wait on the club men, store away facts, and post his books; and until the day of his death he will probably remain at the club as Julius the waiter."

"Of course," P—— said, gathering his papers and clapping his hands for fresh cigars, "this life is incomplete, but the remainder of it is a foregone conclusion. With these premises it cannot be otherwise. You see, an honest realistic writer is the slave of his characters, for by the time he has written the first half of his book they have already dictated the second, and he cannot change a page of it."

When the waiter had gone out I turned to P——, who seemed to expect an answer, and said: "I like that fragment of yours very well, but I did not expect you to treat it in that way. It seems to me that you have done just what you reprove in romantic writing. You have taken for your subject an ideal exceptional waiter, whom probably neither you nor I will ever meet. Look at this very man who has just brought us the cigars; what could you find that was interesting in him? He seems to me much more typical of his class than your Julius."

P—— interrupted me, smiling: "My dear fellow," he said, "he *is* my Julius. What I have read to you is merely a sketch of his life, not such as he has told it to me, of course, but such as, from the facts he gave me, it really must have been. Your patient can only tell the doctor crudely what he feels; it is for the latter to see and understand what the symptoms mean, and how the malady developed itself. I have known Julius for a long time, and I believed that I knew of him all that there was to know. It is but a little while ago that I learned to see what had hitherto escaped my attention, and I firmly believe that in every human being's life there is something to move and interest his fellow-men—if you know how to look for it and how to interpret it. That, of course, is the problem which the writer must solve." JOHN HEARD, JUN.

THREE VIEWS OF A WRECK IN PROGRESS.

A STRIKING instance of the success with which the dramatic effect of a swiftly moving scene may be seized and preserved, by a series of instantaneous photographs taken at its successive moments, is presented in the three illustrations of the loss of the bark *Veronica*, of New Bedford, at the island of Madeira, in December, 1885—an occasion on which the photographer was enabled to avail himself of the rare opportunity afforded by an actual shipwreck occurring under his eye and before his camera.

The bark will be remembered by those who during the last nine or ten years have had occasion, for business, health, or pleasure, to visit the group of Portuguese islands in the North Atlantic which are known to geographers as the Azores, and to sailors as the Western Islands. She was a fine, strong vessel, built in 1877 in Maine to run as a packet between those islands and the port of New Bedford, and since that time has made with great regularity her four voyages yearly, under the successive commands of Captains HENRY C. HATHAWAY and N. D'AZAVEDO, of New Bedford, taking out as cargoes principally lumber for the islanders and supplies for the vessels of the Atlantic sperm-whaling fleet, which makes its head-quarters there, and quite a number of Americans as passengers, going out, most of them, either as officers to join the whale-ships or as invalids to rest their tired nerves among the novel scenes and semi-tropical charms of the islands. On her return voyages she brought back the products of the islands, and now and then a cargo of oil sent home for a market by the whalers. The midwinter voyage was usually extended to the neighboring island of Madeira, where she finally met the fate which is depicted in our illustrations.

Madeira, like the Azores and the Canaries, between which it lies, is of volcanic origin, and raises its rocky sides abruptly out of the sea, affording nothing in the nature of a harbor beyond a dangerous anchorage close in under the almost perpendicular shore, and as unprotected, except on the shoreward side, as the open ocean. Here, off the city of Funchal, on the 15th of December, 1885, the *Veronica* had just ridden out in safety a terrific southeast gale. The clouds had broken, and the gale had spent its force, but the heavy seas were still rolling in, and the bark was straining heavily at her anchors, when on a sudden one of her two cables snapped. The fate of the vessel was sealed at once. The parting of the second cable, upon which the whole of the tremendous strain was now thrown, was a question of moments only. The officers and crew took to a boat with the utmost haste, taking nothing with them but the clothes in which they stood, and made for a German steamer which was steaming to her own anchors at a short distance away. Scarcely had they left the ship when the second cable parted, the bark's bow fell off before the heavy seas, and as if anxious to hasten the end, now that it was sure, she started with headlong plunges toward the shore. Just as she had turned, a sea broke over the stern, sweeping away the cabin, and clearing everything from the decks. This is the moment at which M. BIANCA, a Portuguese photographer of Funchal, snatched the view which is copied in our first picture, and which shows the boat on her way to the steamer, the bark buried under the wave, and in the left background the scarcely less interesting figure of the bark *Red Jacket*, of Boston, which was lost at the same time, but which, with her masts cut away, was at the moment in question still clinging to her anchors. The second scene, taken only a moment later, shows the *Veronica* just as she has reached the shore, and is settling back in the trough of a receding wave, as if gathering herself for the final plunge, of which the result is shown in the third and last picture.

It may be of interest to add that the crew of the *Veronica*, as well as the crews of the *Red Jacket* and of several other vessels which were lost at the same time and in the same way, succeeded in boarding the German steamer in safety, and that upon receiving them she slipped her cables and steamed out to sea, whence, after riding out the remainder of the storm, she returned to Funchal and landed her shipwrecked passengers.

THE DRIFT-WOOD RACE.

JUST opposite Clearharbor the Scopbonet River divides. One arm creeps over its winding bed as if loath to leave the island it encircles; the other rushes down a rocky channel, and shortly gains the bay. The former branch, in Clearharbor parlance, is the Thoroughfare, the latter, the Narrows. One day in March both Narrows and Thoroughfare were full of ice cakes, pushing and crowding and piling the one over the other. The ice, which during the winter months closed the river to navigation for eighteen miles above, was going out earlier than usual. Generally, as the days grew warmer, thin sheets floated by unnoticed, but when the swelling waters broke their still strong bonds asunder the sight was grand. The bridge across the Thoroughfare was thronged with spectators leaning over the rail and watching the blocks of ice crunch and grind against the wooden piers. More timid ones looked on from the river-bank, remembering that the last time the embargo had gone out so suddenly the bridge had been carried away.

"It's alwers best to be cautious," soliloquized Deacon Hastings, nodding approvingly from the back window of his grocery toward the knot of observers stationed below. Thence the deacon's eyes wandered along the strip of beach at the foot of the embankment, where the poor of the town were gathering the drift-wood which the waters had stranded. Evidently the object of his search was not there, for with a shake of the head he returned to the circle of village wiseacres congregated around his small rusty stove. If time had not dimmed the keenness of the deacon's eye a glance across the half-mile of water would have shown him his son Rast on the point of land which jutted out from the island at the division of the river. As the sun took a peep from under the gray clouds before slipping behind the hills, it painted the floating ice with ruby and emerald tints, and for a moment the boys collected around the heaps of drift-wood on the shore seemed clad in glittering armor, and in the place of wooden pick-poles bore gold-tipped spears.

"I abide by the decision of the crowd, of course," Rast Hastings said, curtly. "If I'm beaten, that's the end of it."

"Waal, Hasty," drawled Simon Gott, thrusting his hands deep into his trousers pockets, "I'm all-fired to go agin yer, but seems t' me Chal has hauled in a little the biggest pile."

"But Rast gave granny a big—"

"Hold your tongue, Ragbag! that was my concern, wasn't it?" interrupted Rast, not unkindly. And Ragbag, thus repulsed, climbed back to his lookout on a slippery rock to watch until the eddy brought some treasure near the shore.

"We can't decide exactly," declared Ned Crocker, with an air of impartiality. "Here's Chal's wood in a single pile, while yours, Rast, is all over the lot. If the next ten minutes don't make more of a difference, let's call it even. Eh, fellows?"

"That's fair enough," assented Will Ransom.

"Agree, Chal?" Rast asked, carelessly.

Challis Grey nodded. He stood a little apart from the rest, waiting with seeming indifference for their decision—a quiet-looking lad, an inch or two below the height of square-shouldered Rast, although his slight figure gave him the appearance of being the taller of the two. Fastened about his waist by a long rope was a stick set with an iron brad, which he used with considerable skill in harpooning pieces of wood as they floated by.

While classed as one of "the boys," Challis did not assimilate with the rest, who generally put him into the third person, and occasionally left him out of their good times altogether. Challis felt all this keenly, and became more grave and taciturn as the desire for popularity among his mates increased—longed for so ardently, it may be, because it appeared out of his reach. Rast, on the other hand, was a general favorite in Clearharbor.

"Oh, Rast! Rast!" cried Ragbag, falling from his perch in his excitement, "there's a log as big's a tree a-comin' down-river! Oh, Rast, you get it! Won't you, Rast?"

"The one uv yer thet gits thet spile beats," said Sime. "Winterport wharf must 'a' broke down, and we'd best g'over t'other side 'fore the next jam kerries away the bridge. The current will take the log out too far for your pick, Rast. You'd better let Chal harpoon it. 'Twill be a pity to lose it entirely, you know."

"It's Rast's. I saw it first, and I'm a-going to give it to Rast," clamored little Ragbag, jealously.

"More'n one way ter kill a cat," Sime remarked, looking on with half-shut eyes.

Rast, who had selected a thick ice cake floating near the shore, now sprang upon it, and was making ready to push out, when Challis waded out to his side.

"Don't try that, Rast. We'll say the race is yours without any more bother. I don't think you're quite yourself, Hastings, or you wouldn't attempt such a rash piece of business," he added, in a lower tone.

"Nonsense!" Rast retorted, angrily. "If you refuse to own you're beaten till my pile is double yours, I am equal to it; and *I'm* not such a baby that a little water makes me afraid."

"Foolhardiness is far from being courage," replied Chal, with heightened color.

"Comes nearer to it than cowardice," sneered Rast. "If I fail to bring the log back, you're welcome to it," he called out over his shoulder as he started ahead.

"Hasty's got grit," the boys commented, watching him work his way out.

"If he can't get it, he'll make sure Chal don't. Rast isn't beaten so easily."

On came the log, looking like some sea-monster as it rose and fell with the waves. Rast had calculated his position to a nicety. He knew just where the current would swing the log nearest the shore, and having poled out until he could barely touch bottom, he held his raft as steady as possible and waited.

"Hurrah!" crowed Ragbag, when presently the log was borne in his direction.

"Strike in the middle!—strike in the middle, or 'twill be too much for you," cried Challis, struggling against his ill-nature.

But Rast had buried his pick in the foremost end before the words reached him. The upper portion of the log suddenly veered and pressed the ice cake, still bearing Rast, out into the swift stream, where it whirled hopelessly about for a moment, and then was swept around the curve, out of sight of the group on the shore.

It was Challis who broke the silence that followed. "Simon Gott, are there any boats at the foot of the island?"

"Yer ain't goin' ter need no boats," quoth Simon the undisturbed. "The eddy'll kerry him ashore ter Injun P'int, I guess."

"Guess!" cried Challis, in decisive tones. "*Guess!* I *know* that the only chance of saving Rast is at the mouth of the Narrows. Are you such a fool as to put any faith in that eddy, when the river is risen like this? Are you going to let that one chance outweigh all the rest? Boys, every minute may mean life or death to Rast. What are you thinking about?"

"I don't believe there is a boat at 'the foot' that will stand such a sea."

Will Ransom ventured this information. The rest were speechless with the amazement caused by Rast's sudden exit and the astonishment Chal's rare words created.

"Boys, look alive! Ned, you and Harry take the best horses you can find and ride straight to the foot of the island. If there is a boat of any sort, put out. Will, send your skiff after them as quickly as possible; that may be in time, if there is no boat there. The roads are bad? Yes—don't spare the horses: out on the bay it will be impossible for any one to help him."

The boys, thoroughly awakened, were hurrying off.

"Some of you go with Will; the rest rouse the town—you'll need all the help you can get," called out Challis as he bounded past. "Nicholas Derry, go straight and tell the deacon the truth of the matter;" and by the time panting Ragbag realized this last was for him, Challis was out of sight.

When Rast felt himself driven outward by the pressure of the log, his first impulse was to jump into the water and swim ashore, but with it came the thought of the boys' shout at his dripping figure, and that Chal's swift harpoon might yet bring the log to the beach. No, there was a chance of grounding at Indian Point, and he would run the risk. He drew the log close to the side of the ice cake, and fastened his pick near the centre. Together they were comparatively steady, and floated speedily on toward the Point. For a time he appeared to near land, but it soon became evident that the line of foam which marked the boundary between eddy and tide was receding. With a desperate thrust of his pole Rast sent the log shoreward. As it shot by he attempted to fix his pick in the hinder end, but it dropped with a forlorn splash into the water far out of the way. Round and round spun the ice cake, set free from its heavier guide, and round and round spun Rast's head with every twirl of the raft. He was vaguely conscious that everything depended on his coolness; but the idea that he must think precluded every other thought. "I must think—I must think." He could almost hear the words; and somewhere in his brain the echo rang, "Think! think! think!"

Rast pressed his hands to his throbbing temples. Oh, if he could only think! "I will," he cried aloud, and summoning every power, looked around him. The short spring twilight was drawing to a speedy close. Through the deepening gloom the shores on either hand could be just descried, and, hark! that rushing sound must be Switzer's Brook. Thank God, he was no further from home! The last few minutes had been unmeasurable. The river ran on more smoothly, and Rast became quite calm as he reviewed his situation. Until he reached the mouth of the Narrows there was a chance of rescue; after that, none. Arriving at this conclusion, Rast "picked" every cake of ice within reach which drifted more slowly than he, hoping to retard his progress, and work into a less rapid part of the channel. The tide was running out, but a stiff breeze blew up-river.

"That's one thing in my favor," Rast congratulated himself, and his spirits rose. Perhaps by leaping from cake to cake he might in time gain the land. It was a very good thing that he could jump well—Chal would have a hard one to beat him at that. They would race again to-morrow, and if he was of a mind to try, he could win without any trouble. But as time passed, even these cheering thoughts failed to keep up Rast's courage, and he shuddered as the licking waves curled over the edge of the ice cake. It was no use; he would deceive himself no longer. He knew well that he dared not quit his solid cake for one that might break under him and drop him into that black river. No vessel would think of coming up-stream when the ice was going out; and for help from the shore—there was hardly a house within sound of the river from Clearharbor to the bay. It grew dark very rapidly, and as nothing could be seen on either hand, Rast was obliged to give up his endeavors and drift on. At a bend in the river the old whirling motion began anew, and closing his eyes he planted his pick pole in the middle of the ice cake, and leaned his head against it, making every effort to keep his brain clear. A crunching noise startled him. Was it a field white with snow stretching before him, or the beach strewed with blocks of ice? It was neither. It was a jam in the river's curve. On over the piled-up mass he sprang, leaping black pools and swinging out over sinking cakes. If he could only reach land before the jam broke up! But bewildered, instead of making for the nearest shore, he had taken a direct course to the outer edge of the jam, which was already yielding to the pressure in the rear.

Rast hardly discovered his error before he was off again. The cake under his feet crackled and split, but gathering all his energy, he managed to get on the largest fragment as it floated away, settling under his weight till the water almost touched his knees. His exertions had left him so weak that he had not strength enough to hope for rescue. Once he essayed to shout, but his voice was as hoarse as the croak of a frog. How long he drifted on Rast never knew. At last a delightful sense of drowsiness crept over him. Did some one call him, or were the boys cheering because he had won the race? It did not matter which, for Rast had become indifferent to care.

Having once accepted Chal as his commander-in-chief, Ned Crocker set out to execute his orders. The news spread rapidly, but before the townsfolk were aroused he had procured two good horses, and in company with Harry McLean was clattering over the bridge. When the report reached Deacon Hastings's ears it had assumed still more alarming proportions. Ragbag's version afforded some comfort, and when the little fellow said, consolingly, "Don't you worry, deakin, something or other 'll bring Rast back; Rast 'll come out all right, deakin, course he will," tears fell from the good man's eyes, and he knelt in his dusty little grocery and prayed to the only One who was able to save his boy.

In the mean time Will Ransom had taken his boat from her winter-quarters and hurried her away. The road leading from the bridge to the foot of the island was soon alive with men in wagons and men on foot, eager to help in some way; but it was poor at best, and it seemed a long time before the foremost carriages arrived at their destination. Then huge fires were kindled, and men with lanterns stationed themselves along the beach. Ned and Harry returned from a voyage in a rickety dory, but brought no news. The row-boat, manned by four sturdy fishermen, was launched, and the rest of the men gathered in small groups, talking in low tones. Was that a cry from the river, or the wind sifting through the branches of the pines?

"There's the boat!" some one exclaimed.

"Keep quiet," replied another, with a glance toward Deacon Hastings. "You'll hear the oars long before you see her."

But soon others caught sight of some dark object moving at a little distance from the shore, faint, yet growing more and more distinct. The figure glided silently into the beach just below, and each man condemned himself for superstition when the voice of Challis Grey was recognized. "Say, lend a fellow a hand, will you?"

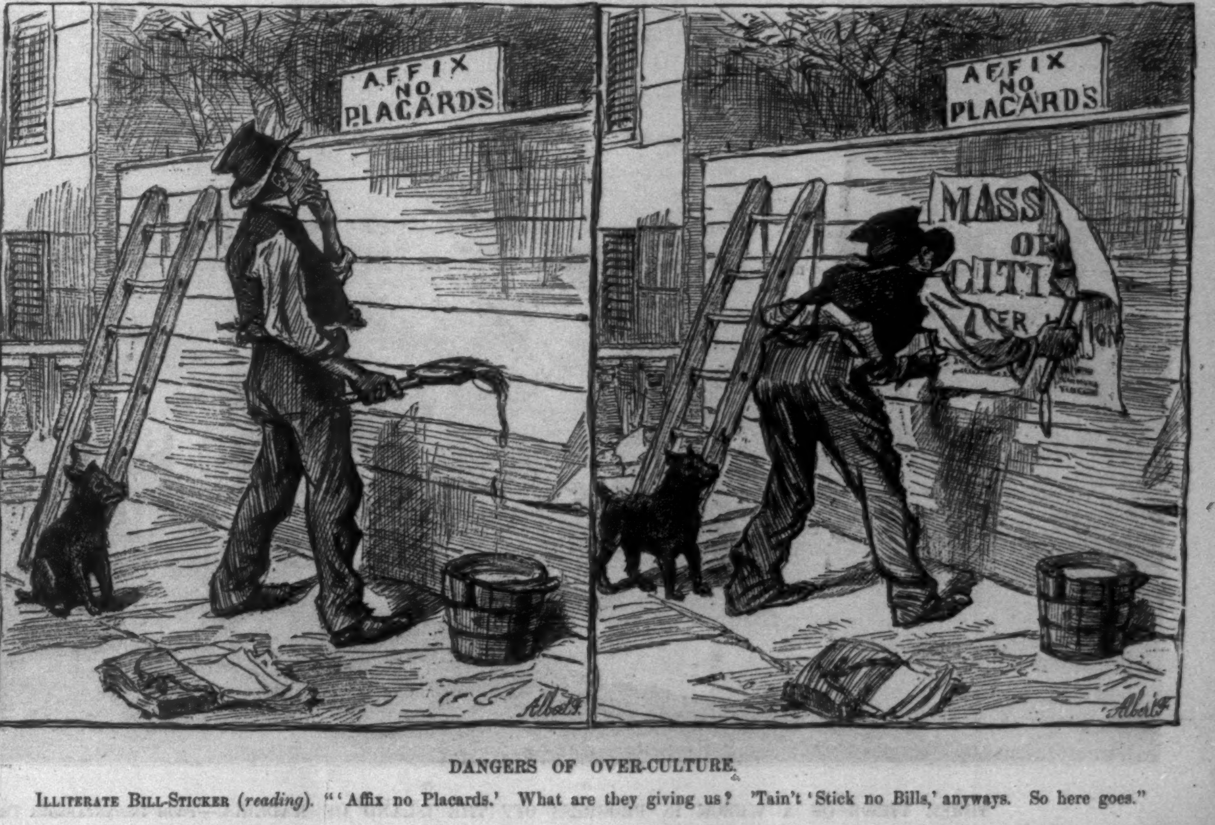
It was a night of surprises; but there was little room in the heart of any for aught besides thanksgiving when Rast Hastings, alive but thoroughly exhausted, was lifted from the bottom of Chal's canoe. Until late that night the Hastings homestead was filled with guests, and as steaming mugs of the deacon's best Java went around, Chal was prevailed upon to give an account of his adventures.

"After I left the boys," he began, reddening under so many eyes, "I got my canoe, and started for the river. You see, I felt as if I was responsible for Rast somehow. If it hadn't been for me he'd never have tried to spear that log at all. I didn't dare go down the Narrows for fear of getting smashed in, but the Thoroughfare was comparatively clear, so I put in and paddled off. I was just cutting across the head of the bay when I ran plump into the ice cake that Rast was on, so I pulled him aboard and started for the island, and—that's all."

But those who cheered him till the old house shook, and grasped his hand till he was glad to make his escape, knew that he had told but very little of his dangerous trip.

The boys had gathered upstairs, where Rast, pale and weak, was lying on his bed, holding court. "I tell you what, fellows," he was saying, as Chal opened the door, "I had a good deal of time to think, even on such a short trip. Things look different when one isn't sure of seeing daylight again. If Chal had paddled a few strokes more or a few strokes less, if the current had carried me a foot from the place where he found me—oh, if a thousand and one things hadn't happened exactly as they did, I shouldn't be here. No; don't try to make a hero of me. I did a very reckless thing; Chal, a very noble one. Do you boys realize," he went on, after a minute's pause, "what time Chal must have made to paddle down the Thoroughfare soon enough to meet me at the mouth of the Narrows? My best record would be nowhere. Dear old boy"—drawing Chal to a seat beside him—"it would be strange if I wasn't proud to own myself beaten by one who risked his life to save mine."

AUGUSTA C. SWAZEY.



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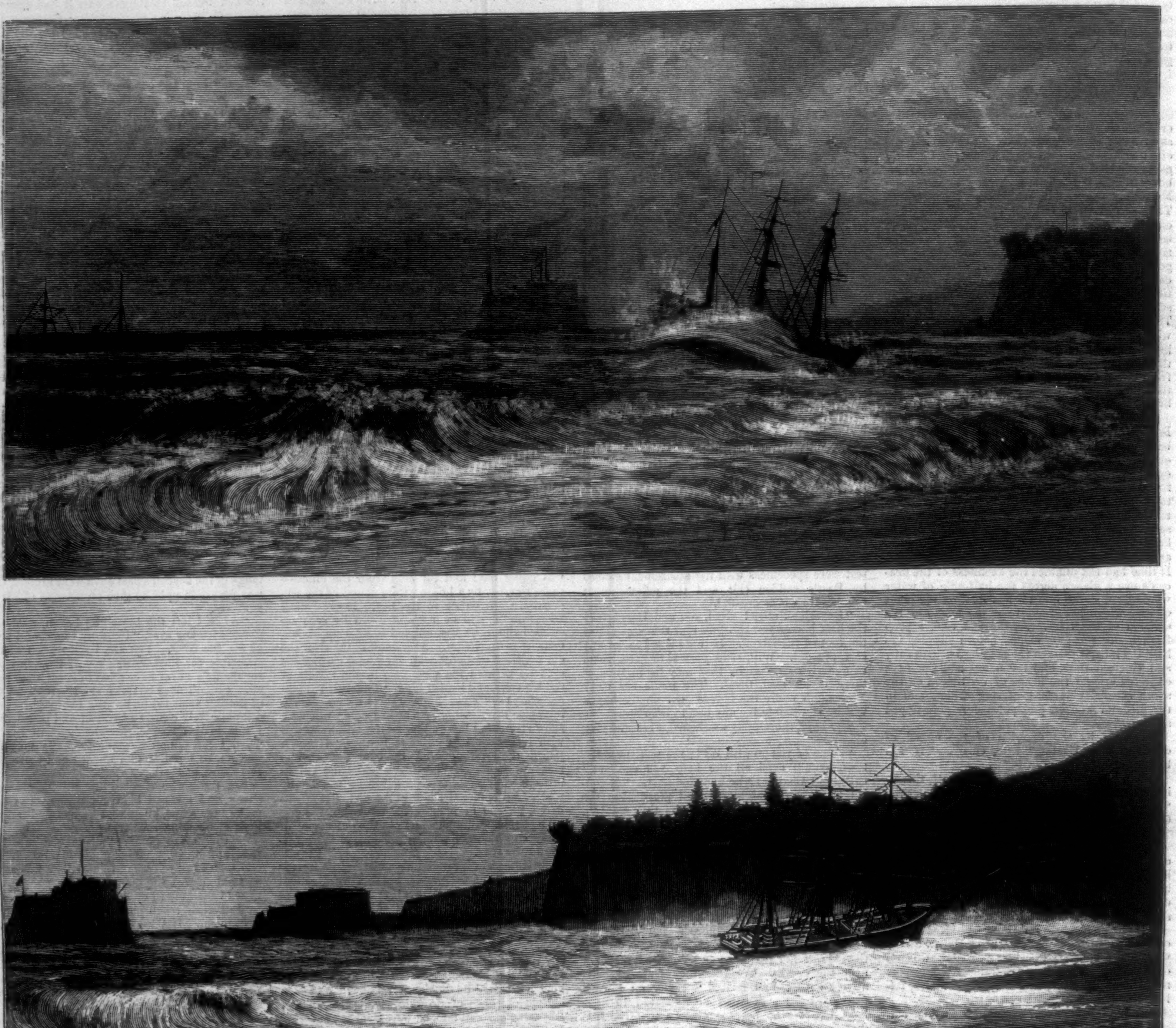
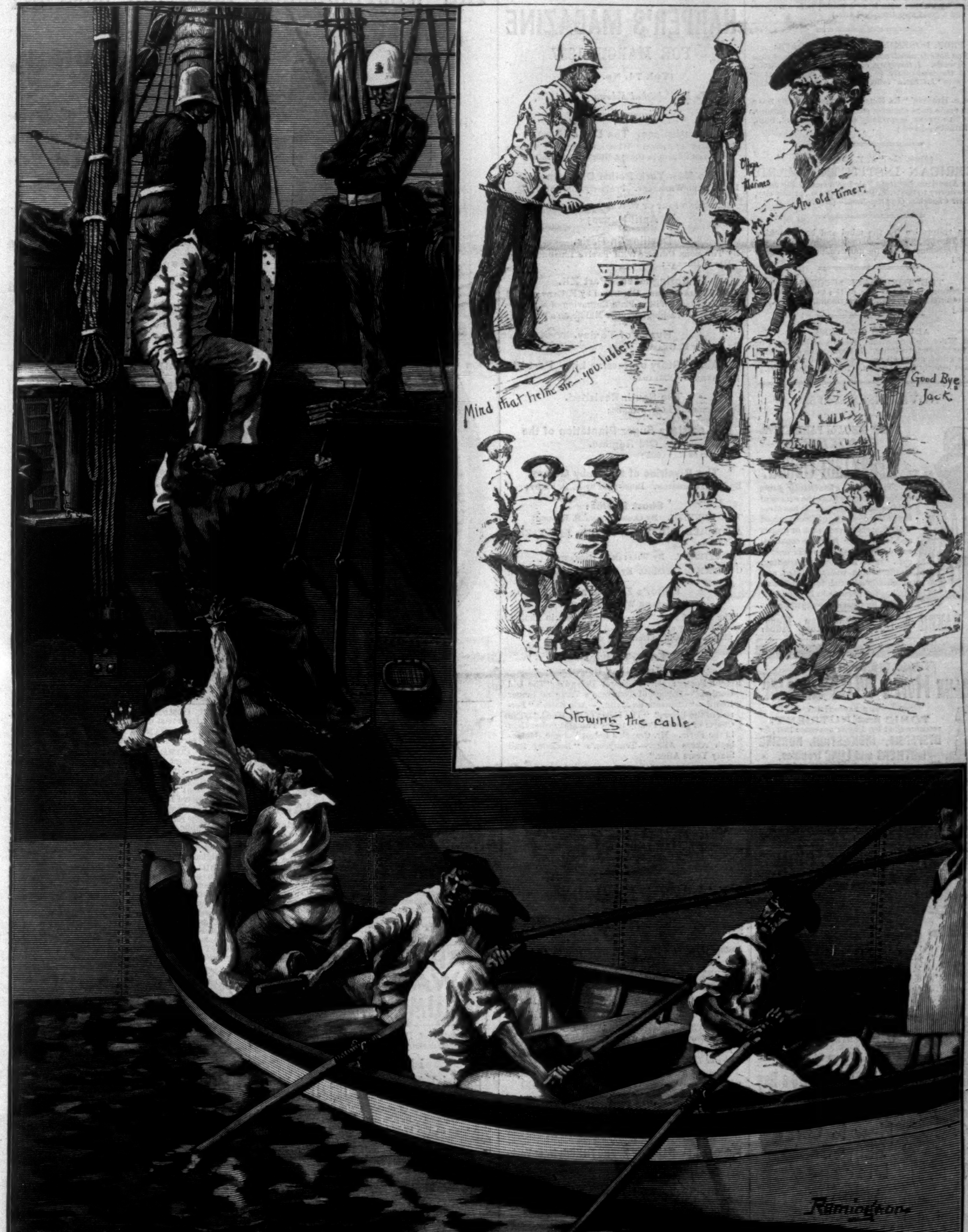


THREE VIEWS OF A WRECK IN PROGRESS OFF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.—From Instantaneous Photographs.—[See Page 134.]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Officer of Marines
An old timer.
Good Bye Jack
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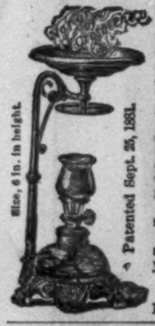
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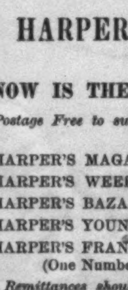

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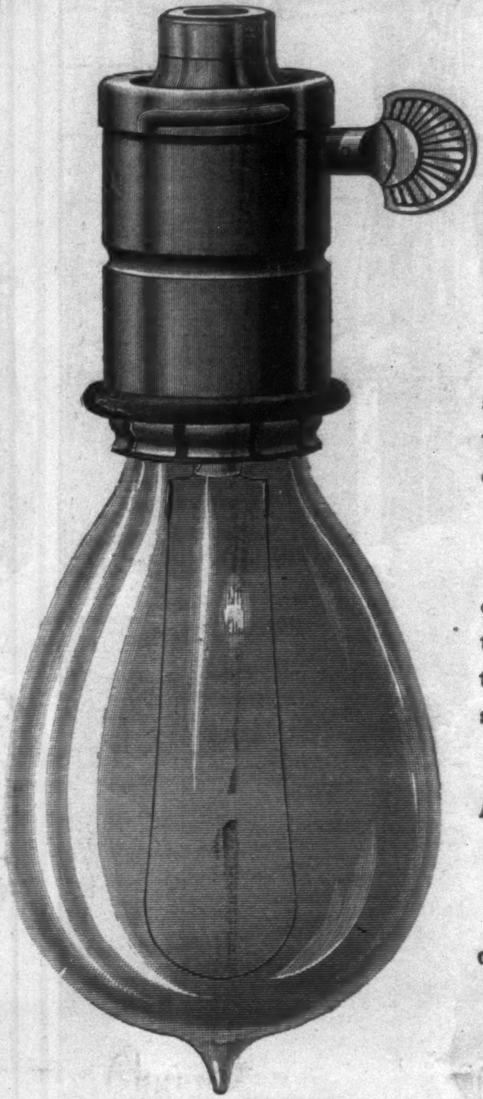

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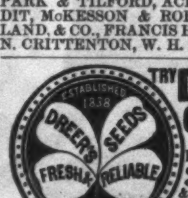

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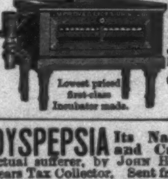

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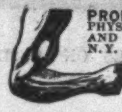

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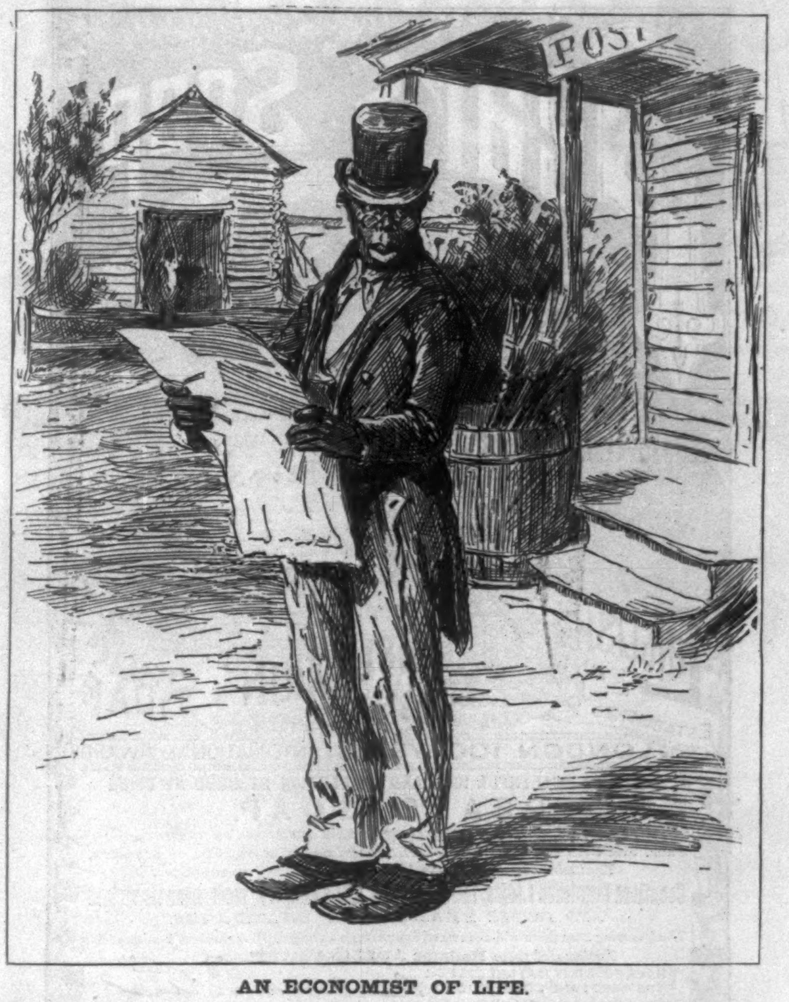

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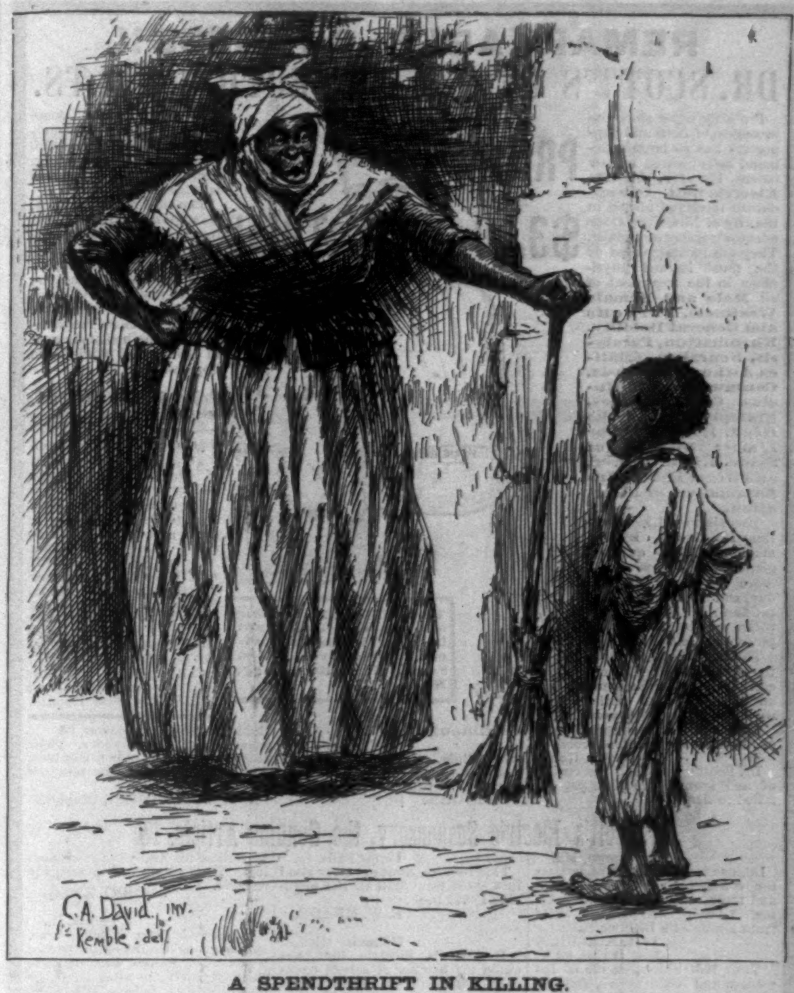
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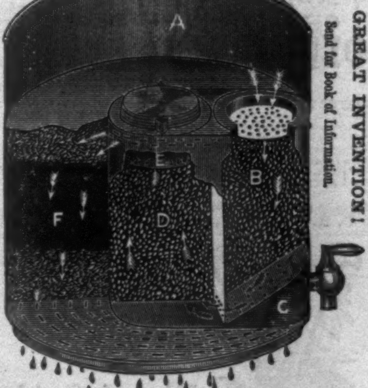

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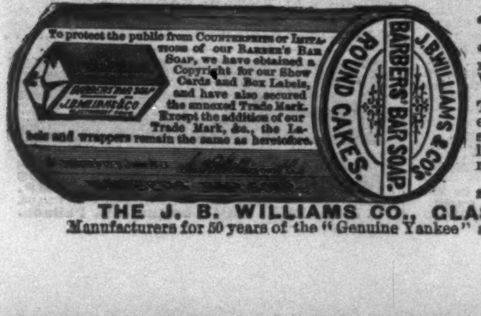

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